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THE BANQUET OF *XENOPHON.*

Done from the *GREEK*,
WITH AN
Introductory Essay
TO
Lady JEAN DOUGLASS,
Concerning
The DOCTRINE, and DEATH of *SOCRATES.*

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AN Introductory Eſſay TO The Lady JEAN DOUGLASS, Eldeſt Daughter of His Grace the Duke of *Queensbery* and *Dover*; CONCERNING The DOCTRINE and DEATH of *SOCRATES*.

MADAM;

YOUNG as you are, I preſent you this Tranſlation of *One* of the moſt celebrated *Pieces* of *Antiquity*. The Names of *Socrates*

and *Zenophon* are in themſelves ſufficient to recommend it to all that have any Love for *Learning* or *Vertue*: And tho' all the *Works* of the *later* have been juſtly eſteem'd in all *Ages*, *Maſter-pieces* in their ſeveral Kinds, yet none of them come up to this, for the Fineneſs of Thought, or Beauty and Eaſineſs of Expreſſion.

Here you will find the *Immortal Socrates* at a *Banquet* with his *Friends*, and *Friends* worthy of him. It's here he laughs and is merry, enters into a great many facetious and diverting Subjects, and complies with the Cuſtoms that were uſually obſerv'd at ſuch *Entertainments*, till in the End he leads them inſenſibly to the nobleſt *Notions* of *Vertue* and *Morality*: And all this in a manner ſo very agreeable and *inſtructive*, that you can hardly diſtinguiſh between the *Jovial Companion* and the *Conſummate Philoſopher*.

I remember a *Story* in one of the *Roman Authors* concerning *Auguſtus*, the happieſt of all the *Emperours*. Among the other Felicities of his Reign, he enjoy'd the Converſation of a *Set* of

of Men, who for Politeneſs and Learning, render'd that *Age* the Envy and Admiration of all that have ſucceeded. One Day, the *Parthian Ambaſſadors* coming to wait on *Auguſtus*, found him walking in his Gallery between *Virgil* and *Horace*, leaning on their Shoulders, in a moſt familiar manner. The *Parthians*, who had no Taſte of Letters themſelves, were ſurpriz'd to ſee two private Men thus careſs'd by the great *Maſter* of the *Roman Empire*. Which *Auguſtus* obſerving, told them plainly, he receiv'd more real Content in the Company of *theſe*, than in all the *Pomp of Homage* that was paid him by more than the half of the then Known World; adding, in Raillery, *Perhaps you thought I was but ill ſituated, ſeeing me walk between Sighs and Tears*; alluding to *Virgil*'s *Aſthma*, and *Horace*'s *blear Eyes*.

I confeſs, in this I admire *Auguſtus* his true Taſte of Happineſs, and am entirely of his Mind. But notwithſtanding the juſt Eſteem I have for the Memory of *Virgil* and *Horace*, and that I admire their Works as the

moſt excellent of all the *Roman Writers*, I ſhould yet have prefer'd the Company and Converſation of *Socrates* alone to both theirs.

It's reaſonable, *Madam*, in order to create in you a juſt Value for this *Piece*, to give you a ſhort Account of the *Doctrine*, *Vertues*, and *Death* of this excellent *Man*. Know then, that *Socrates* was but of mean Extraction, and born in a little *Village* within the *Territories* of *Athens*. He ſerv'd his Apprenticeſhip to his Father as a *Statuary*; and the *Statues* of the *Graces* in their *Habits*, which were preſerv'd in the *Citadel* of *Athens* with the greateſt Veneration for many Ages afterwards, were ſaid to have been of his Workmanſhip.

Leaving that *Trade*, he betook himſelf to the Study of *Rhetorick*, in which he ſo much excell'd, that his Enemy *Ariſtophanes* cenſures him, as one that was able to make the beſt Cauſe out of the worſt, by the meer Force of his Eloquence.

But afterwards diſliking the *Quirks* of the *Bar*, as inconſiſtent with that ſtrict and unbyaſs'd Juſtice which he thought

thought a good Man ſhould aim at, He apply'd himſelf to the Study of *Natural Philoſophy*, and was a *Hearer* of *Anaxagoras*, the firſt Philoſopher who taught that the World was form'd of *Atoms*. But obſerving in proceſs of time, how little that kind of Knowledge conduc'd to the *Conduct* and *real Happineſs* of humane Life, he gave himſelf up entirely to the Study and Practice of *Moral Philoſophy*, and was the firſt that taught it publickly in *Greece*.

He had a great many *Scholars*, who all of them rever'd him as a *Father*, and admir'd his *Doctrine*, and *him*, as the perfect *Model* of *Vertue*; of whom *Zenophon* was one.

It were too long for this ſhort *Introduction*, to give you the Detail of all his *Maxims* and Precepts of *Morality*, which are at Length recorded by *Zenophon* in ſeveral of his other *Books*, and by *Plato*, another of his *Scholars*, in his *Dialogues*. But you may judge of his Principles and Opinions of *Morality*, by thoſe of his *Religion*, which were chiefly theſe,

That God was One, perfect in himſelf, giving the Being and the Well-being to every Creature; Yet what he is (ſaid he) *I know not; but what he is not, I know. That God, and not Chance made the World, and that It, and all Things in it, are preſerv'd and conducted by his all-powerful and unerring Providence. That the Soul of Man was Immortal, and that the Body being a compounded Subſtance, was diſſolv'd by Death; but the Soul being ſimple, paſſes into another State, incapable of Corruption or Annihilation. That the Souls of good Men after Death are united to God in a bleſſed, inacceſſible Place. And that to ſome other Place of Horrour, where there is no Emanations of Divine Favour, the Souls of wicked Men are carry'd away to ſuffer Puniſhment: But to define what and where theſe two Places are, was far above the Sphere of Humane Knowledge. That God has imprinted into the Soul of Man a Principle of Reaſon,* which he call'd, *a Ray of the Divine Nature. That that Principle did of it ſelf direct a Man to the Exerciſe of Vertue: But that he became wicked, when-ever he aban-*

don'd

don'd the Dictates of that Reaſon, to follow the Impreſſions of Senſe. That Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Patience, and all other Vertues, entituled a Man to the Favour of God, as their Contraries, to his Wrath. That ſuch was the Divine Goodneſs in it ſelf, and God's Beneficence to Man, that he had implanted in his Soul a Power to be vertuous and good; and if he prov'd otherwiſe, he could not juſtly blame God for puniſhing him, either here or in another World.

This was the Subſtance, *Madam*, of *Socrates*'s *Principles* in *Religion*; And his other Opinions and Maxims in *Philoſophy*, *Morality*, and *Politicks*, were all of them founded upon *them*. Thus was this great Man poſſeſs'd of Ideas about the *Immortality of the Soul*, and the Certainty of a *Future State*, not only much clearer than thoſe the *Jews* had under the *Moſaick Oeconomy*, but ſuch as come not much ſhort of what has been *reveal'd* to us under the *Evangelical Diſpenſation*.

It has been the Opinion of ſeveral *Divines*, That God Almighty has been pleas'd ſometimes to inſpire even *Heathens* with a true Notion of *Religion* and *Vertue*: And if ever any of them was ſo inſpir'd, it was *Socrates*, if He may deſerve the Name of a *Heathen*, who maintain'd and dy'd a *Martyr* for the *Unity* of a *God*: At leaſt, he is a remarkable Inſtance, to what Heights of *Religion* and *Vertue* a Man may arrive, thro' the meer Force of *Reaſon*, without the Help of *Revelation*.

But, *Madam*, tho' *Socrates* apply'd moſt of his Time to the Study and Practice of *Vertue* in a *private* Capacity, he omitted no *publick* Occaſion to ſerve his *Country*, when-ever it came to be in Danger from either Domeſtick or Foreign Enemies. Being a mortal Foe to *Tyrants* and *Tyranny*, whether the Power was lodg'd in the *Populace*, or in a *few*, he oppoſed them upon all Occaſions with an undaunted Courage, and often expos'd his Life to imminent Dangers on that Account.

When

When *Lyſander* the *Lacedemonian* had taken the *City* of *Athens*, he chang'd its *ancient Government*, and ſet over it *Thirty Tyrants*. Theſe Men put thirteen Hundred of the beſt *Citizens* to Death without any Trial, and committed ſo many barbarous Cruelties, that their Names are held in Execration to this Day. When, upon this Occaſion, the City was become a *Shambles*, and every Man endeavour'd to make his Eſcape from ſuch a Scene of Horrour and Death, *Socrates* ſtir'd not out of the *Gates*, but, with his uſual Sedateneſs and Conſtancy, ſpoke his Mind freely in all Places, what *Monſters* of Men they were that rul'd *Athens*; and fail'd not to aſſiſt the Dying, and the Friends of the Dead, with all the Offices of Friendſhip that were in his Power to do them in their Miſery. Notwithſtanding this his out-braving the *Tyrants* to their Faces, and at a time when a Look or a ſingle Word, was enough with them to lop off the beſt Head in *Athens*, ſuch was the Veneration paid to *Socrates*, even by the worſt of Men, that he eſcap'd

their

their Fury, tho' every Day threaten'd with the ſame Fate.

As he appear'd upon theſe Occaſions for his Country at home, ſo he was not wanting to it in their *Wars* abroad, eſpecially when *Athens* and *Sparta* contended for the *Empire* of *Greece*. In three famous *Battles* that were fought between theſe two *Rival States*, he was perſonally engag'd, and ſignaliz'd his Courage. In one of them, he brought off his noble Friend *Alcibiades*; and in another, *Zenophon*, when they were left for Dead in the *Field*. And when afterwards the *Athenians* were, according to Cuſtom, to confer a *Mark of Honour* on him that had *fought beſt*, the Choice fell on *Socrates*, which he not only refus'd, but prevail'd with them to transfer it upon *Alcibiades*.

Plato, that attended him in this *War*, gives the following Account of his Behaviour in it. Socrates *and* Alcibiades (ſays he) *ſerv'd both a Foot. But* Socrates *out-went the whole Army in Hardineſs. If at any time Proviſions grew ſcarce, as it frequently did in the Courſe of that War, not one could bear*

bear the Want of Meat or Drink like him. Yet at other times when he was invited to Feasting, he would drink as heartily, and be as merry as any, tho' for the most part he drank nothing at other times but Water, and was never in his Life drunk. The Excess of Cold (continues *Plato*) *which is very extraordinary in that Country, he as easily endur'd; and when the Soldiers never stir'd out of their Tents without Furs and Skins wrapt about them, he went along with them without any other Clothes than those he usually wore. He walk'd barefoot upon the Ice with less Tenderness than others in Shoes, to the Wonder of the Soldiers, who thought themselves reproach'd by his Hardiness.*

Plato sums up his Behaviour on this Occasion with a remarkable Story. *His deep Contemplation*, says he, *notwithstanding this Violence of the Cold, was no less worthy of Admiration. One Morning he fell into one of these Raptures of Contemplation, and continu'd standing in the same Posture till about Noon, that he was observ'd by some of the Soldiers, who told it to their Companions. In the Evening some* Ionian *Soldiers went out, and wrapping themselves warm,*

lay

lay down by him in the open Field, to obſerve if he would continue in that Poſture all night; which he did until the Morning, and as ſoon as the Sun roſe, he ſaluted it, and retir'd.

In the whole Courſe of his Life he was not only an utter Enemy to *Covetouſneſs*, but a reſolute Contemner of *Riches*; ſo that he never took Money from his Scholars, as other Philoſophers did. He refus'd the Preſents that were ſent him from *Foreign Princes*; and when *Darius* the King of *Perſia* ſent him one, worthy of ſo great a *Monarch*, he deſir'd the Meſſenger to tell his Maſter, *He was willing to be in Friendſhip with* Darius, *but not with his* Daricks, the *Perſian Coin.* Going through the publick *Markets* of *Athens*, he us'd to ſay, *How many things are there in the World, that I have no need of?* One of his *Maxims* was this, *That he that eats with an Appetite needs no Variety of Food, he that drinks only for Thirſt deſires leaſt Change of Liquor, and he that wants leaſt, comes neareſt to the Gods.*

This his Contempt of the *Goods* of *Fortune*, *Ariſtophanes* himſelf takes notice

tice of in a ſevere *Satyr* againſt him; which tho' deſign'd to expoſe him, yet out of the Mouth of an Enemy proves an *Encomium*. And thus he addreſſes him:

Serious and muſing, tho' we know thee well,
For Toil attends the Search of Knowledge ſtill:
Yet thou, eternal Drudge, or ſit or walk,
Art never tir'd with Pondering, or Talk,
Cold ne'er moleſts thee, nor the fond Deſire
Of Riches, or of Dainties, Fools admire.

That *Socrates* had a *Dæmon* or Genius that directed him in the whole Courſe of his Life, is not only poſitively affirm'd by all his *Cotemporaries*, and agreed to by the learneſt of the *Greek* and *Roman Writers* afterwards; but its likewiſe acknowledged by ſeveral of the *Primitive Fathers* of the *Chriſtian Church*, who ſcruple not to give it the Name of his *Guardian Angel*: But after what manner it expreſt it ſelf to him, whether by an *audible Voice*, or ſome other *intelligible Sign*, they have not ventur'd to determine. In

In whatever manner it was that this *inviſible Attendant* made its Councils known to him, we have many Inſtances in *Zenophon* and *Plato*, of the good Effects they had when obey'd, and of the bad ones when diſobey'd, not only in the Conduct of his own Life, but with relation to others who happen'd to be in his Company.

Of the latter we have a remarkable Story in *Plato*, which is this. One *Timarchus*, a Noble *Athenian*, being at dinner in Company with *Socrates*, he roſe up to go away, which *Socrates* obſerving, bad him ſit down again; for (ſaid he) *the Dæmon has juſt now given me the accuſtomed Sign.* Some little time after, *Timarchus* offer'd again to be gone, and *Socrates* once more ſtopt him, ſaying, he had the ſame *Sign* repeated to him. At length when *Socrates* was earneſt in Diſcourſe, and did not mind him, *Timarchus* ſtole away, and in a few Minutes after, committed a *Murder*, for which being carry'd to Execution, his laſt Words were, That *he had come to that untimely End for not obeying the Dæmon of* Socrates.

Many

Many of the Chriſtian *Fathers* were ſo far perſwaded of the truth of this *Spiritual Monitor*, that when they come to prove, that God allows every good Man a *Guardian Angel*, which was the received Opinion among the *Primitive Chriſtians*, they bring in this *Dæmon* of *Socrates* as an Inſtance of it. And others of the *Fathers*, who were more rigid in their Opinions about *Heathen Vertue*, yet when they come to mention this *Dæmon*, they allow *Socrates* to have been a good Man, and this his *Dæmon* to have been ſuch an *Angel*, as that which appear'd to *Balaam* to deter him from his Wickedneſs.

Such ſublime and uncommon *Vertue* could hardly fail to create *Envy*, eſpecially conſidering the degenerate *Age* he liv'd in, and the univerſal *Corruption of Manners* that then prevail'd in *Athens*. *Baniſhment* or *Impriſonment* had been of late the Fate of the *greateſt* and *beſt* Men among them, and even *Miltiades*, *Ariſtides*, and *Themiſtocles*, all *venerable Names*, Men who had not only retriev'd their ungrateful Country from the Brink of Ruin,

Ruin, but rais'd it to its higheſt pitch of Glory, as the Reward of all their Services came to be baniſh'd their *native Soil*, and ſome of them forc'd to implore for ſhelter thoſe very *Princes* and *States* they had once glorioufly conquer'd. But *Socrates* was the firſt that I remember was put to death upon a *formal Trial*, thro' the meer Envy and Ingratitude of his Fellow *Citizens*.

The firſt Step to his *Fall* was his diſobliging the *Sophiſts*. Theſe were a *Set* of Men that pretended to a more than ordinary Share of *Learning*, when at the ſame time all their boaſted Knowledge amounted to no more than *high ſounding* Words, and an *affected Eloquence*. They had inſinuated themſelves into moſt of the Noble *Families* of *Athens*, under the pretence of inſtructing their Children in the *Rules* of *Rhetorick*, that thereby they might raiſe themſelves to the firſt *Poſts* in the *State*. The *Populace* ſeeing theſe Men careſs'd by their *Betters*, came to think highly of them, and to believe they were indeed what they pretended to be. So that by this time they

they arriv'd to a mighty Figure in the *Commonwealth*, and prov'd formidable Enemies to Men of *real* Learning or Vertue. Such *Mountebanks* in *Learning* were not peculiar to *Athens* alone: For all Ages and Countries have abounded in them. We have heard of a Man extoll'd to the Skies for a great Poet and a Patron of the *Muſes*, for a Poem that was ſaid was none of his, or not all of it: And we have known a Mechanick ſet up for a Liberal Profeſſion, on the Credit of two Words * of Art he never underſtood.

Socrates found to his ſad Experience, how far the Power of theſe *Sophiſts* reach'd. For having upon all Occaſions expos'd the *Ignorance* and *Pride* of theſe *vain Pretenders*, What they wanted in Learning, they made up in Malice and Revenge againſt the Man that endeavour'd to undeceive the World about them. His Reputation was ſo perfectly well eſtabliſh'd with all Men of Senſe or

* Alcali *and* Acid.

Vertue, that the *Sophiſts* were obliged to go to Work gradually, to ruin him; And indeed had they bluntly at firſt brought a *formal Accuſation* againſt him, they had been hiſs'd out of the *Forum*.

They began with inſenſibly undermining him in the Opinion of the People, as a *Contemner of the Gods*: And indeed he gave them handle enough for this *Article*, it being certain, that he was in his Judgment againſt a *Plurality of Gods*, and us'd frequently to turn to Ridicule the many fabulous *Legends* of the numerous *Deities* which the *Athenians* ador'd.

But tho his whole *Syſtem* of *Religion* was a Contradiction to the groſs *Idolatry* of his Country, It does not appear but that he expreſs'd his Opinion in theſe Matters with the greateſt Caution, and chiefly to his *Scholars* and particular Friends.

We read in *Holy Writ* of an *Altar* that was taken notice of by St. *Paul* at *Athens*, and inſcrib'd, *To the Unknown God*. I know there are different Opinions about this *Altar*, and upon what

what Occaſion it came to be erected: But it's very probable, and we have ſeveral of the Ancient *Hiſtorians* and *Divines* for Vouchers, that it was done by *Socrates*. It ſeems, inſtead of raiſing an *Altar*, as was the Cuſtom, to any of the *fictitious Gods* of *Greece*, He took this way as the ſafeſt, to expreſs his Devotion to the *True and One God*, of whom the *Athenians* had no Notion, and whoſe incomprehenſible Being he inſinuates, by that *Inſcription*, was far beyond the Reach of theirs or his own Underſtanding. And it is very reaſonable to think, It was owing to the Veneration they had for the Memory of its *Founder*, that it came to be preſerv'd for ſo many Ages after, tho' they underſtood not the Senſe of the *Inſcription*.

Their next *Battery* againſt him, was, ſecretly to inſtill into the People, that he was a *Corrupter of Youth*; and endeavour'd to perſwade Children to throw off their Obedience to Parents. This was a black and groundleſs Calumny: For never Man preach'd up the Duty of Chil-

dren to Parents more, or carry'd the Ties of Nature further than *Socrates*. But it was to this perverted Senſe, they turn'd that mighty *Veneration* that was pay'd him by his *Scholars*, and that Gratitude he recommended in his Leſſons, as due to thoſe, who were ſo happy as to reclaim Youth from the Practice of *Vice*, and eſtabliſh them in the Path of *Vertue*.

They likewiſe in this part of their *Accuſation* wilfully miſ-interpreted that wonderful *Friendſhip* which was between Him and his *Scholars*, and among his *Scholars* one towards another. Their *narrow* Souls being incapable of that Noble *Vertue* themſelves, thought it very impoſſible for one to entertain ſo perfect a *Friendſhip* with another, unleſs he ſlacken'd the Bonds of Natural Affection. Indeed no Man ever reaſon'd better on *Friendſhip*, or carry'd the Obligation of it further than He: And the *Care* his *Scholars* took of his *Wife* and *Children* after his Death, and the mutual good Offices they did one another on all Occaſions, were convincing Proofs of

of their profiting under ſuch a *Maſter*. But one of the moſt remarkable Inſtances of Friendſhip that we read of, happen'd between three of them long after he was gone, which was this;

Eudamidas, the *Corinthian*, dying poor, and *Charixenus* the *Sycionian*, and *Aretheus* (another *Corinthian*) being moderately rich, he made his *Will* after this manner. *I bequeath to* Aretheus *the Maintenance of my Mother, to ſupport and maintain her in her Old Age*; *and to* Charixenus, *the Care of Marrying my Daughter, and to give her as good a Portion as he is able. And in caſe any of theſe die, I hereby ſubſtitute the Survivor in his Place.* This *Will* was matter of Laughter to all at firſt, till the *Executors* being acquainted with it, did heartily accept the *Legacies*. And *Charixenus* happening to die five Days after, the whole Charge devolv'd upon *Aretheus*. He maintain'd the Old Woman with great Care and Tenderneſs to her Death, and of five *Talents* he had of Eſtate, he gave two and a half in Marriage with an only Daughter he

had of his own, and two and a half in Marriage with the Daughter of *Eudamidas*, and in one and the ſame Day, ſolemnized both their Nuptials.

The Sophiſts having thus far plaid their *Engines* againſt this *Excellent Man*, Their next Step was to ſound how the *Athenians* would reliſh a *publick Accuſation*, or entertain a *Charge* againſt his Life. In order to this, they ſet a-work *Ariſtophanes*, a mercenary, witty Poet, to expoſe him on the *Stage*, which he did with an equal Share of *Wit* and *Malice*, in ſeveral of his *Plays*, but more particularly that yet extant, entituled, *The Clouds*. This was the boldeſt Step that hitherto had been made on the *Theater* of *Athens*, to turn in ridicule any one by Name, that had deſerv'd well of his Country. But it was yet more ſurprizing to ſee *Socrates* thus treated; a Man of the moſt perfect Character, and univerſally eſteem'd.

The *Athenians*, who were at firſt ſtruck with Aſtoniſhment at ſo bold an Attempt, came in time to reliſh the

the Wit of the *Play*, and to be pleaſed with the *Action* of the *Player* that perſonated *Socrates*; ſo that the *Performance* came to be highly applauded, and the *Poet* as highly rewarded.

Socrates, who went but ſeldom to the *Theater*, and that only when ſome Piece of his Friend *Euripides* was acted, would needs go to ſee himſelf expos'd in *Ariſtophanes*'s *Comedy*, and choſe the Day of the *Feaſt* of *Bacchus*, when there would be the greateſt Concourſe from all Parts of *Greece*, upon the account of that *Feſtival*: He took the moſt conſpicuous Place, and when the *Strangers* began to inquire of thoſe that ſat next to them, who this *Socrates* was they ſaw thus ridicul'd, He roſe up that they might ſee him, and continued in that Poſture ſmiling, during the whole Play. One of his Friends that came with him asking him if he was not vex'd to ſee himſelf ſo treated, *Not at all*, (ſays he) *for methinks I am at a Feaſt where every one has a ſhare of me.*

The *Athenians* being after this manner artfully prepoſſeſs'd againſt *So-*

crates, firſt by the private Whiſpers of his Enemies the *Sophiſts*, and then by the publick Inſinuations of their Tool *Ariſtophanes*, ventur'd at laſt to bring a formal *Accuſation* againſt him before the Senate, in theſe Words: Melitus *the Son of* Melitus *accuſes* Socrates *the Son of* Sophroniſcus. Socrates *violates the Law in not believing the Deities which this City believes, but introduces other new Gods. He violates likewiſe the Law in corrupting Youth. The Puniſhment Death.*

Thus, *Madam*, to the eternal Reproach of *Athens*, tho' the Mother of *Arts* and *Sciences*, was one of the moſt irreproachable Men that ever lived, for Strictneſs of Morals and Purity of Life, proſecuted at the *Bar* as a *Corrupter of Youth*, and the moſt *pious* Man that the Heathen World could boaſt of, Arraign'd for *Impiety*.

The Interval between his *Arraignment* and *Trial*, He employ'd in his uſual *Philoſophical Exerciſes*; And being queſtion'd by his Friends *why he did not provide for his Defence?* All the Anſwer he made them was, *That he provided a ſufficient Apology in purſuing*

ſuing the conſtant Courſe of his Life. But they inſiſting, That the Judges might be mov'd with the Force of Rhetorick, *The Truth is*, (reply'd he) *I was twice going about to make my Apology, but was twice with-held by my Dæmon.* They ſeeming to wonder at it, *Is it ſtrange* (continued he) *that God ſhould think it fit that I die at this time? Hitherto no Man has liv'd more uprightly, and that is now my ſolid Comfort. If I live longer, I know I muſt undergo all the Inconveniencies of Old Age, and among others, Defects of Hearing and Seeing, Loſs of Memory, and Dulneſs of Apprehenſion. How then can I be pleas'd to live longer, to become worſe? It's likely* (added he) *that God in his Love to me has ordain'd that I ſhould die now at the moſt convenient Age, and in the gentleſt manner. For if I die by a publick Sentence, I am allowed what kind of Death I pleaſe; and then I ſhall do nothing unworthy of my ſelf, or of my Friends. It's with good Reaſon then* (concluded *Socrates*) *that God forbids me to make the Defence you would have me; ſince, if it prove ſucceſsful, I ſhall only ſtay longer*

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in this State, to be taken away afterwards by the Torture of ſome Diſeaſes, or the Imperfections of Decrepid Age, neither of which are to be deſir'd.

The Day of his *Trial* being come, This *Illuſtrious Criminal* was brought to the *Bar*, where his *Accuſers* exhauſted all the *Topicks* of their *Rhetorick*, to exaſperate his *Judges* againſt him, and make the moſt Innocent of Men appear Guilty. During their *Harangues*, the Behaviour of *Socrates* was ſuch as became the *Figure* he had made, and the Philoſophy he had profeſt. He heard all their Invectives with the ſame Evenneſs of Temper, Sedateneſs of Mind, and noble Contempt of Injuries, that he had always practis'd himſelf, and preach'd up to others in the whole Courſe of his Life. When his Accuſers had ended, and the Judges had ask'd him what he had to ſay for himſelf? He ſtood up, and with a Mein and Geſture more like one that was to ſit upon the Life and Death of his *Judges*, than to plead before them for his own Life, He ſpoke to this Purpoſe.

I am afraid, my Maſters, (ſaid he) *that if I intreat you to put me to Death, I ſhall confirm what my Enemies have inſinuated againſt me, as if I pretended to be wiſer than other Men, and ſeem'd to know more of the Secrets of things that are above or below this Orb we move in. I know very well I have never been acquainted with Death, ſo as to know perfectly what it is, nor have I met with any one that can inform me. Such as fear Death preſuppoſe they know what it is; for my ſelf, I have no diſtinct Notion of it, or of what is done in the other World. Death, for ought I know, may be a thing in it ſelf indifferent, perhaps it may be the thing of all, moſt to be deſired? Yet this I may ſay, without offending you, If it be a Tranſmigration out of one State into another, then it is a bettering of ones Condition to go to live with Men of unſpotted Vertue, who in that other Place receive the Reward of that Vertue, and ſo be free from having any thing to do with unjuſt and corrupt Judges. But on the other hand, my Maſters, If Death be an Annihilation of our Being, then ſure it's a bettering of one's Condition to enter into a*

long

long and peaceable Night, ſince we find there is nothing ſweeter in Life, than a quiet uninterrupted Repoſe, or a profound Sleep without Dreams. Thoſe things that I know to be evil in themſelves, I have ever avoided; Such as to offend one's Neighbour, or diſobey our Superiours, whether God or Men: But ſuch things that I know not, whether they be good or evil, them I do not fear. If I die, and leave you behind me, the Supream Being alone knows whether it will prove better for you or me. Wherefore as to what concerns me, do as you pleaſe; but according to the Method I have ever obſerv'd hitherto, I affirm that you would do your Conſciences more Right to ſet me at liberty, unleſs you ſee further into my Cauſe than I do. I would have you judge of me by my paſt Life, both in a private and publick Station, and according to the Fruits both young and old have reaped by my Inſtruction: And withall call to mind the many Services I have done my Country. If you weigh Matters in a juſt Ballance, inſtead of condemning me for imaginary Crimes, you would do better, conſidering my Poverty, to order me to be maintain'd

tain'd out of the Publick Treaſury, a thing you have done for others that have not deſerv'd better of the Commonwealth. Impute it not to Obſtinacy or Neglect, that I do not, according to Cuſtom, ſupplicate your Favour, or implore your Mercy. I want neither Friends nor Kindred to preſent themſelves before you in Mourning to move your Pity, and have three young Children that are ſuitable Objects for your Compaſſion. But I ſhould do a Shame to Athens, at this Age, and to the Reputation I have had for Wiſdom, if I ſhould appear before you in any ſuch abject Poſture. I have always admoniſh'd thoſe that frequented my Lectures, never to redeem their Lives at the Price of their Honour: And in all the Wars I have been ingag'd in for my Country, I have given ſufficient Proof that I ſcorn to ſave my Life by my Shame. By any ſuch mean Submiſſions I ſhould injure your Honour, as tho' you were to be mov'd by Prayers, and not Juſtice. You have taken an Oath by the Immortal Gods, to be Upright in your Sentence; and it were to wrong you, to ſuſpect you would do otherwiſe. It's to theſe Eternal Arbiters of

Life

Life and Death I commit my Cauſe, and hold my ſelf aſſured that they will do in this what will be moſt fit both for you and me; For good Men, whether living or dead, have no Reaſon to queſtion the Mercy of the Gods.

This is the Scope, and almoſt the very Words of that *Extempory Speech* of *Socrates* to his *Judges*, which for its *native Simplicity*, and withal an *inimitable Loftineſs*, does, in my Opinion, infinitely ſurpaſs all the *ſtudied Orations* of *Demoſtthenes* or *Cicero*. He had Reaſon to refuſe to make uſe of the Eloquent *Speech* which his Scholar *Lyſis* had prepar'd for him. It might have been worthy of its *Author*, but it was unworthy of *Him*. For had a *ſuppliant Voice* been heard out of the Mouth of *Socrates*, that lofty *Vertue* of his had ſtruck Sail in the *Height* of its *Glory*. It was not reaſonable, that his *rich* and *powerful Nature* ſhould commit its Defence to *Art*, or that ſo bright a Vertue ſhould, in its ſevereſt and *laſt Proof*, renounce *Truth* and *Simplicity*, the conſtant Ornaments of his Speaking, to adorn it ſelf with the Embelliſhments of *Rhetorick*,

torick, or the Labour of a *premeditated Speech*. He acted wisely, and like himself, not to sully an *unspotted Life*, and such a shining *Image* of *Heroick Vertue*, by endeavouring to spin out a few more Years of decrepid Age, and thereby betray the immortal *Memory* of his Glorious *End*.

He was condemn'd to die by a great Majority of *Voices*, and sent to Prison loaded with Chains, where he continu'd till his *Execution*. All which time he refus'd the often repeated Offers of his Friends to carry him off by Force, asking them, *If they knew any Place out of the Territories of* Athens *where Death could not come?* When almost tir'd out with their Importunities, his Answer was, *That their Concern for him was much to be prais'd, if it were agreeable to Justice. That he was condemn'd by them that had a Right to judge him, that if he should disappoint their Judgment, by violating the Law, it were to requite Wrong with Wrong. That to break Prison was not only a Violation of the Laws of his Country, which, as a Senator, he himself had sworn to maintain, but it would endan-*

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ger his Friends, and all this for a ſhort Span of Life. Adding, that *if he ſhould make his Eſcape, it would be Treachery, and then the Remainder of his Life would never be the more happy, nor himſelf better entertain'd in the next World.*

The Time between his *Sentence* and *Execution* he ſpent in his uſual *Lectures* of *Morality* and *Vertue*, but more now than ever, in reaſoning about the *Immortality of the Soul*, and the Certainty of a *future State*, Of all which we have many *Fragments* extant, but none more full and genuine than in the other *Works* of *Zenophon*.

The *fatal Day* being come, his Scholars came early in the Morning to the *Priſon*, and found him ſo faſt a-ſleep, that they could hardly wake him. They burſting out in Tears at his Fate, and their own Loſs, and kindly blaming him for the Chearfulneſs he expreſs'd to leave them, he made them this Anſwer. *Truly, if I did not firmly believe, that I am going to juſt Gods, and to the Souls of Men better than any now living, I were inexcuſable for contemning Life. But I am per-*

perfectly aſſured that I am going to a Supream Being, the beſt of Maſters, and to good Men, having now no doubt of what I have often told you, that ſomething of Man ſubſiſts after Death, and that it is better with the Good than the Bad in another World.

While the *Executioner* was preparing the *Draught*, they adviſ'd him to ſpeak but little, leſt the over-heating him ſhould prevent the Poiſon's having a ſpeedy Effect, telling him, they knew ſome that had been oblig'd to take it more than once. *It's no matter* (ſaid he) *let him provide as much as may ſerve twice or thrice, if need be.* Then he began a Diſcourſe of the Uſe of Philoſophy, which, he ſaid, was chiefly to *fortify a Man againſt the Fear of Death: That as Death is the Separation of the Soul from the Body, ſo it is the Office and Duty of a Philoſopher to diſ-engage his Soul from Corporeal Affections. That conſidering we underſtand better, the more the Soul is diſ-engag'd from Senſe, ſo our Knowledge ſhall be perfect when the Soul is wholly freed from the Body by Death, which Perfection of Knowledge is*

the ultimate End of Philoſophy.

This led him into Reaſoning about the *Immortality of the Soul*: To inforce which He brought ſeveral Arguments from *Nature*, and the Infinite *Power* of a *Supream Being*. His Concluſion was to this Effect, *That there are two diſtinct Paths that lead out of this World. They who have defil'd their Minds with Vice, in giving themſelves up to ſenſual Pleaſures, or have committed inexpiable Crimes againſt their Country, and the Good of humane Society, theſe take a By-way that's ſecluded from the Counſel and Preſence of God: Whereas thoſe who have preſerv'd themſelves from the Contagion of their Bodies, and in humane Fleſh, have imitated the Life of Gods, they find a ready direct Path open'd for them by Death, which leads them back to that Divine Eſſence from whence they originally came. And as Swans are ſaid to ſing before Death, as ſuppoſing they have ſome Inſtinct of the Good that is in Death, ſo ſhould every good Man rejoice at the Approach of another State. Let every one then* (added he) *prepare for this Journey, when the Will of God calls. You, my Friends,* (na-

(naming every one that was about him) *muſt go at the appointed Hour. Me Fate ſummons now.* Alluding to a *Verſe* of *Euripides.*

When he had made an End of ſpeaking, *Crito* ask'd him what Directions he would leave about his *Children? I deſire no more* (anſwer'd *Socrates*) *than what I have often told you, If you take Care of your ſelves, and perſevere in Vertue, whatever you do will be acceptable to me and mine, tho' you promiſe nothing. But if you neglect your ſelves and Vertue, you can do nothing acceptable to us, tho' you ſhould promiſe ne'er ſo much.* Then *Crito* asking him, how he would be bury'd? *As you think good,* (reply'd *Socrates*) *if you can catch me before I give you the ſlip.* Whereupon, turning to the reſt, ſaid he, ſmiling, *I cannot perſwade* Crito *that I am any thing more than the Carcaſe you ſhall behold anon, elſe he would not be at ſuch Pains about my Burial. I am afraid what I told him juſt now, that when I have drunk up that Poiſon I ſhall go to the Joys of the Bleſs'd, has been but to little Purpoſe. Honeſt* Crito, (continues he, ſtill ſmiling)

was ſo kind to become Bail for my Appearance before the Judges, pray be you my Bail to Crito, *that I am departed hence. But let it not be ſaid, that* Socrates *is carry'd to the Grave, or laid under Ground: For know, dear* Crito, *ſuch an Expreſſion were an Injury done to my Immortal Part. Say then, that my Body alone was buried, and in what manner thou pleaſeſt.*

Then taking the *Cup* from the Hands of the *Executioner*, and holding it up towards Heaven, he pour'd out ſome of it, as an Oblation to the *Supream Deity*, with this his laſt *Prayer*, *I implore the Immortal God, that my Tranſlation hence may be happy.* Then turning to *Crito*, ſaid, *O* Crito, *I owe a Cock to* Eſculapius, *pay it*; and with that drunk up the Poiſon: Then ſtretch'd himſelf out upon the Couch, and in a few Minutes expir'd.

After this manner, *Madam*, dy'd the *Great Socrates*; and this was the *Exit* of one of the *pureſt* Souls that ever animated *humane Clay*. Thus it was, that the *Man*, who by the meer Homage that was paid to his Vertue, had

had ſtood the Shock of *Thirty Tyrants*, and out-brav'd Death in various Shapes, came at laſt to fall a *Victim* to the Revenge of a few angry *Pedants*.

I know ſome, both Ancient and Modern Authors have been of Opinion, that *Socrates*, tho' he acknowledg'd but *one only Supream Deity*, was yet ſo far tainted with the Religion of his Country, as to believe there might be *Inferior* or *Leſſer Gods*, who, in Subordination to the Supream *One*, govern'd the Affairs of the World. And they give this for an Inſtance of it, that he order'd, at his Death, a *Cock to be offer'd up to* Eſculapius. I beg leave to differ from them in this Matter: For in the whole Courſe of his Life, and in all his Notions in Religion, he appears to have had no ſuch Thought. On the contrary, he not only in his ordinary Converſation with his intimate Friends, but at ſome times upon extraordinary Occaſions, could not refrain to expoſe in publick the Folly of the *Athenians*, in believing the receiv'd *Legends* of theſe *Inferior* or *Leſſer Gods*, which

was indeed the reaſon of his *Condemnation* and Death. Inſtead of taking this Inſtance as a Proof of their Opinion, I take it to be an Argument againſt it, and that that Expreſſion of *Socrates*, in the chearful and ſedate Temper he dy'd, was intended by him as a Reprehenſion of their Folly, who worſhip'd *Eſculapius* as a *God*: As if he had ſaid, *O* Crito, *pray go try the God of Phyſick by the uſual Sacrifice, if he can reſtore me to Health now, when I have drunk up the Poiſon, and am at my laſt Gaſp.*

It's true, *Plato* and *Zenophon*, who have tranſmitted his Diſcourſes to Poſterity, bring him in frequently ſpeaking of the *Gods* in the Plural Number: But it's obvious even from *their* Writings, that for the moſt part he made uſe of the Singular Number; and always, when he has occaſion to talk of the *Divine Providence*, *Preſcience*, or *Power*, he expreſſes them in a manner that can only be aſcrib'd to *One God*. The reaſon why they introduced him ſpeaking at any time of the *Deity* in the *Plural Number*, may probably be, either

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to comply with Cuſtom, or the Fear of undergoing the ſame Fate with their Maſter.

It were tedious, to inſert here a great many Diſcourſes of his, menti-on'd by theſe two *Authors*, which are clear Proofs of his Opinion about the *Unity* of a God. I ſhall only give you one that they have both omitted, which, for its lofty Figures, falls but little ſhort of any of our Chriſti-an Poets, and ſeems a juſt Paraphraſe of that Expreſſion of an inſpired Pen, *Clouds and Darkneſs are round about him.* It's an *Invocation* quoted by ſeveral Authors out of a *Tragedy* of *Euripides*, now loſt, which is aſcrib'd to *Socrates*; and may be tranſla-ted thus:

Thou Self-ſprung Being that do'ſt All en-fold,
And in thine Arms Heav'ns whirling Fabrick hold!
Who art encircled with reſplendent Light,
And yet lies mant'led o're in ſhady Night!
About whoſe Throne, the Circ'ling Stars are found
Nimbly to dance their Everlaſting Round.

As the *Character* of *Socrates* has been univerſally eſteem'd in all the *Ages* preceeding *Chriſtianity*, it has been no leſs admir'd ever ſince, as one of the moſt perfect *Models* of Vertue; never any Chriſtian Writer, whether Ancient or Modern, mentioning his *Name* but with the greateſt Veneration. Nor do I remember any one *Author* of Note, of any Religion, either before or ſince, that has ventur'd to leſſen his Merit, except one, and that is *Porphyrius*. This learned Man has indeed in ſome of his Works made bold with his Character, but at the ſame time has attack'd the *Chriſtian Religion* with much more Rancour than he has done *Socrates*.

It's likewiſe obſervable, that moſt of the *Primitive Fathers* were Followers of *Plato*, and in all their *Apologies* for the *Chriſtian Religion*, have endeavour'd to explain the *Myſteries* of it, by an *Analogy* between *them* and the *Doctrine* of that Philoſopher. Now it's certain, the Foundation of *Plato*'s Philoſophy was what he learn'd of his Maſter *Socrates*, tho' it's confeſs'd

feſs'd he built upon it *Superſtructures* of his own.

There is another *Particular* worth notice, that concerns the Memory of this great Man. His *Fame* ſeems to have been the peculiar Care of Heaven, that while the Enemies of *Chriſtianity* have had the Impudence to compare the *unuſual* Vertues of ſome of the *Heathens* with thoſe of our *Bleſs'd Saviour*, the Name of *Socrates* was never brought into any ſuch *blaſphemous* Competition. Whereas *Pithagoras*, a Man of extraordinary Vertue like him, and, like him, held in the higheſt Veneration, has ſuffer'd in his *Character*, by the Arrogance of ſome of his Followers, who, to raiſe his Reputation at the Expence of our *Saviour's*, have made a *Compariſon* between them. On the other hand, *Apolonius Tyaneus*, a Man of *counterfit Vertue*, and a mighty Pretender to Knowledge, even that *Impoſtor* has been ſet up by the ſame Set of Men in Competition with *Jeſus Chriſt*, for but the Shadow of the Vertues of *Pithagoras* and *Socrates*. And it was but reaſonable, the Divine Providence

dence ſhould thus ſecure the Reputation of *Socrates*, ſince his Scheme of *Religion* and *Morals* comes, of all that ever was before or after, neareſt to that which our *Saviour* preach'd.

It muſt not be omitted, to the Honour of *Socrates*, that when the *Athenians* ſent to the *Oracle* of *Appollo* at *Delphos*, to inquire who was the wiſeſt Man alive, they receiv'd this Anſwer, *Of all Men* Socrates *is the wiſeſt*. He deſerv'd that Character indeed, if it were only for his uſual Saying, That *he knew only one thing, which was, that he knew nothing*. Which *Saying* of his, and the *Anſwer* of the Oracle, tho' he never was exalted with it himſelf, procur'd him Envy, and animated the *Sophiſts* the more againſt him, who pretended to know every thing.

But that you may lay no more ſtreſs upon this Anſwer of *Apollo*'s in favour of *Socrates*, than what it deſerves, Be pleas'd to know, *Madam*, that there have been great Diſputes of late among the *Learned*, not only concerning this at *Delphos*, but all *Oracles* in general, which the *Heathens* held

held in ſo much Veneration. It was hitherto the generally receiv'd Opinion of both Ancient and Modern, as well *Chriſtians* as *Heathens*, that the *Temples* where theſe *Oracles* were pronounc'd, were inhabited by ſome *Dæmon* or ſuperior Being to Man, who return'd *Anſwers* to their Votaries, either out of the Mouth of their *Inſpir'd Prieſts*, or by ſome audible Voice, ſupernaturally form'd behind the *Image* of the *God* they invok'd. This Opinion has been of late call'd in queſtion, and all the pretended *Anſwers* of theſe *Oracles* aſcribed only to the Cheats of deſigning Prieſts, who, ſay they, impos'd their *Tricks of Legerdemain* upon the credulous People, for the *Advices* and *Anſwers* of their Gods.

For my part, tho' I be of this laſt Opinion, ſo far as to be perſwaded, that moſt of theſe *Oracles* were no more but the well contriv'd *Artifices* of *Prieſts*, who impos'd upon the People ſuch Anſwers as ſuited beſt with their Deſigns or Intereſt. Yet I cannot be brought to believe, but in ſome of them, and upon ſome Occaſions, there

there might be Anſwers given by ſome ſuperior Being or *ſupernatural Agent* we have no Acquaintance with, and of whom we can form no clear Idea.

But let the *Oracle* of *Delphos* be what it will, this Anſwer tends greatly to the Honour of *Socrates*; For if it was the Voice of a *Dæmon*, it carry'd with it an unqueſtionable Authority: And if it was but the Artifice of Prieſts, it was a Proof of the univerſal Opinion that was had of *Socrates* his Wiſdom, Since the Buſineſs of theſe Religious *Cheats* being to ſupport the Reputation of their *Oracle*, they could not have done that more effectually, than in their Anſwer, to fall in with the Opinion that all *Greece* had of *Socrates* before.

Such was the Eſteem of *Socrates* when living, And after his Death ſuch was the Veneration paid to his Memory, That the *Athenians*, as a Mark of their ſincere Repentance, and to revenge his Death, caus'd to be executed his chief *Accuſers*, without any formal *Trial*, as Enemies to their Country, and baniſh'd the reſt

that

that had any-wiſe contributed to his Sentence: And to perpetuate his Name, they erected a *Statue* of *Braſs* for him in the moſt publick Street of their City. Not only ſo, but ſuch was the Horror that even Strangers had of that execrable Fact, that thoſe *Athenians* who were baniſh'd their Country upon that Account, were abhor'd as unworthy of the common Offices of Humanity, inſomuch that they would not ſuffer them to kindle Fire at their Houſes, nor anſwer them any Queſtion. Their Abhorrence came at length to that height, that they would not touch any thing that belong'd to them, nor make uſe of the Water of any Well where they had drank; ſo that being at laſt tir'd of a hated Life, they became their own Executioners. But theſe were not all the dire Conſequences of his Fall, for one of their own *Hiſtorians* owns, that the Death of *Socrates* brought a general Calamity on *Athens*, inſomuch that from that time, ſays he, the *Athenians* never did any thing conſiderable either at home or abroad, but by De-

Degrees decay'd, and with them all *Greece*.

The Inſcription on his Statue, as mention'd by an Ancient Author, was in two Lines, to this Purpoſe:

Drink Socrates *with* Jove, *next whom Inthron'd,*
By Gods, and Wiſdom's ſelf, as Wiſeſt own'd.

There are but two, *Madam*, among all the *Heathen Philoſophers*, that I can call to mind, whoſe manner of Death comes in any Competition with that of *Socrates*; And theſe are *Cato* the Younger, and *Seneca*. How far the Parallel may be carry'd thro' this *Triumvirat* of Excellent Men, will be but, I hope, a pardonable *Digreſſion* in this Place.

Cato was of the *Stoick Sect*, and a Man of that rigid and ſteady Vertue, that neither Adverſity nor Succeſs could poſſibly make the leaſt Impreſſion upon him: He ſtruggled for the Expiring *Liberties* of his Country to the laſt; and when theſe were gone, was reſolv'd not to ſurvive them. Having

ving provided for the Safety of his Friends, and advis'd them to ſubmit to *Cæſar*'s Fortune, now that he was Maſter of *Rome* and them, he provided for his own, by Death. When I conſider him with *Montaigne*, giving himſelf the *Blow*, and for fear the Sword had not ſufficiently done its part, tearing out his own Bowels afterwards, I confeſs I am not ſatisfied only to think his Soul was then perfectly exempt from all Diſturbance, and this Steadineſs of his but the Effects of that Scheme of Philoſophy he profeſt: I muſt go further to ſomething more ſprightly in the Vertue of this Man, and perſwade my ſelf that he felt a much higher Reliſh of Delight in this Action alone, than in all the others of his Life: And if it had not been for the noble and ſincere Concern he had for his Country, I believe he thought himſelf oblig'd to Fortune for putting his Vertue upon ſo brave a Trial.

To attribute this to a Principle of *Vain Glory*, as ſome have imagin'd, ſeems a Conſideration too low and poor for ſuch a *Haughty* and *Reſolute* Heart.

Heart. Nor would this Action have been decent in any other but Him, for it belong'd only to *Cato*'s Life to end *ſo*. Nor was it owing to any Doubt of *Cæſar*'s Pardon, as ſome have thought, For the Soul of that mighty Conqueror was of another Make, and certainly he would have eſteem'd it one of the greateſt Felicities of his Life, to have had it in his Power to pardon *Cato*, having often complain'd of him to his Friends *for his envying him that Glory.*

To enoble his Death the more, it ſeems to me, as if his Good Deſtiny had put his ill One into that Hand with which he gave himſelf the Blow, ſeeing he had thereby the Leiſure and Opportunity to confront and ſtruggle with Death; and inſtead of letting his Courage ſink, to reinforce it higher. So that were I to repreſent him to Advantage in his dying Condition, I ſhould do it much rather *tearing out his Bowels*, than with his Sword in his Hand, as I have ſeen his Ancient Statues; for this *Second* Death was much more terrible than the *Firſt*.

But after all it must be confess'd, there is something in the Death of *Socrates*, that's more *serene*, *even*, and *elevated*, than that of *Cato*. The *One* is more *Tragical*, and oftener taken notice of in History; But the other *finer*, and admits of a *certain Delicacy* and *Politeness*, even amidst the *Horrors* of it. It appears too, that *Cato* stood in need of the repeated Assistance of Philosophy, to fortify his Mind against the Blow; otherwise he would not have had Recourse to *Plato*'s Account of the *Death of Socrates*, as he did, the Night he dy'd. It derogates likewise from the Glory of his Death, that when he was about it, he should fall into a Passion with his *Slave*, upon a trivial Account, and to carry it so far, as to beat out one of his Teeth, and hurt so much his own Hand, as to disable it from giving himself a decisive Stroke. How far must he have been, when he did this, from the *sedate Temper*, the *noble Patience*, and *soaring Thoughts*, that accompany'd *Socrates* to the last Breath.

It cannot be deny'd, but in *Cato*'s Character there appear ſome Strokes more *ſullen* and *fierce* than can well agree with the refin'd Notions of his own Philoſophy. And in the whole Conduct of his Life, and at his Death, there are not to be found ſuch Inſtances of *good Nature*, and *Sweetneſs of Temper*, as in *Socrates*. So that *Horace*, his Cotemporary, even in praiſing him, hints at this; when ſpeaking of *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt, he ſays, *He conquer'd every thing, but the fierce Mind of* Cato.

I cannot omit another Particular, wherein I think *Socrates* had much the better of *Cato*, which relates to the different kind of Enemies they had to deal with. The *Thirty Tyrants* were a Set of *Execrable Villains*, that had diveſted themſelves of all the Ties of Nature, to perpetrate their Cruelties. *Cæſar*, on the contrary, was a Man of the higheſt Generoſity, and unbounded Clemency towards thoſe he had conquer'd. Now *Cato* choſe rather to put an End himſelf to his own Life, than to owe it to *Cæſar*: Whereas *Socrates*, tho' he ſcorn'd

to

to make any low Submiſſions to the *Thirty Tyrants*, and out-brav'd them every Day to their Faces; yet he ſtill went on in his uſual Road of Vertue, with the ſame Indifference as if there had been no ſuch thing as *Tyranny* in *Athens*. He was always ready for the Blow whenever it ſhould come to him; but thought it became not his ſteady Vertue, to go out of his ordinary Path to meet it: And when at one time Word was brought him, that that Morning the Tyrants had condemn'd him to die, he anſwer'd coldly, *And Death has condemn'd them.*

But not to detract more than enough from the Illuſtrious *Ghoſt* of *Cato*, It's needleſs to inſiſt here, how far his manner of Dying was inconſiſtent with the Principles of *Chriſtianity*, ſeeing even theſe, who ſet up of late for *Free Thinkers*, will hardly deny it: But I beg leave to refer theſe Gentlemen to the Opinion of *Socrates* in this Matter, unleſs it weighs the leſs with them, that he reaſons rather like a *Chriſtian* than a *Heathen*.

When he was going to drink up the *Poiſon*, he took occaſion to mention his Friend *Evenus*, who was abſent, and how much he would be griev'd for his Death, and that he hop'd he would bear it like a Philoſopher. *Cebes* told him, that probably *Evenus*, according to the Rules of his Philoſophy, would find a way to follow him, meaning, by a voluntary Death. *That muſt not be*, anſwer'd *Socrates*; *for it were unworthy of a Philoſopher to do an unjuſt Action. Why*, (ſaid *Cebes*) *Has not a Philoſopher his Life in his own Power, to diſpoſe of it as he pleaſes, eſpecially when in parting with it, he follows his dying Friend? Not at all*, reply'd *Socrates*, *for Men are the Poſſeſſion of the Gods. Would not you, Cebes, be angry, if your Slave ſhould kill himſelf, to prevent a juſt Correction? We muſt expect a Summons from the Gods, to call us hence, ſuch an inevitable Neceſſity as now calls me. God has a Dominion over us as his own Poſſeſſion; and a wiſe Man ought not ſo much as to wiſh to be out of his Protection, nor can he better his Condition, by freeing himſelf from ſo excellent a Government.* But

But ſetting aſide the memorable *End* of *Cato*, it's evident, that the Death of *Seneca* came much nearer to a Parallel with that of *Socrates*. They were both Men of *Exalted Vertue*, and *Elevated Notions* in Philoſophy: Both have left behind them the beſt and moſt uſeful Precepts towards the *Conduct* and *Happineſs* of *humane Life*, and both fell a *Sacrifice* to the Rage and Malice of unjuſt Men.

In order to a ſhort Account of the Death of *Seneca*, I am oblig'd to mix in it, the Behaviour of his Wife *Paulina*, one of the moſt ſhining *Characters* in Hiſtory. This Lady was of one of the moſt *Noble Families* in *Rome*, and married very young to *Seneca*, in his extream Old Age. They liv'd together in a moſt perfect Friendſhip; and how much ſhe improv'd by his Precepts, the Part ſhe acted at his Death will be a laſting Teſtimony.

The Monſter, *Nero*, who had been his *Pupil*, ſent his *Guards*, to denounce to him the *Sentence of Death*; which he receiv'd not only with his uſual Tranquility of Mind, but with

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great Satisfaction. The manner of dying being left to his own Choice, as was uſual with Men of his Quality, he choſe to be let blood to Death by his own Surgeon. Making all poſſible Diſpatch, he call'd for Paper, to write his *Will*; which being deny'd him, he turn'd about to his Friends, ſaying, *Since I am forbid to leave you any Mark of my Friendſhip, I bequeath the beſt thing I have, which* Nero *cannot deprive you of, even the Image of my Life and Manners, which I intreat you to preſerve, in Memory of me, that thereby you may acquire the Glory of being ſincere and true Friends.* With that ſeeing them all burſt forth in Tears, he began to comfort them with the gentleſt Words; and then raiſing his Voice, *What!* ſaid he, *is become of all our Philoſophical Diſcourſes and Precepts, and where are now the Proviſions we have been laying up theſe many Years againſt the Accidents of Fortune? Is* Nero's *Cruelty unknown to us? What could we expect otherwiſe from him, that had murder'd his Mother and Brother, but that he ſhould put to Death his Governour, that bred him?*

Then

Then embracing his Wife faſt in his Arms, and ſeeing her ſinking under the Agony of her Grief, he intreated her to bear this Accident patiently, for his ſake, telling her, *That now the Hour was come, wherein he was to ſhow, not by Diſcourſe or Precept, but by Effects, the Fruits of his Studies; and that he was going to meet Death, not only without Grief, but with the greateſt Joy. Wherefore, my Deareſt,* ſaid he, *Do not diſhonour me by theſe Tears, that it may not look as if thou lov'ſt thy ſelf better than my Reputation. Moderate thy Concern, and comfort thy ſelf with the Knowledge thou haſt had of me, and of my Actions, leading the Remainder of thy Life in the ſame Tract of Vertue thou haſt hitherto done.*

Paulina recovering her Spirits, and warming her Fortitude with the Heat of a generous Conjugal Affection, made him this Anſwer; *No,* Seneca, ſaid ſhe, *I am not a Woman of that Make, to let you go alone to take this Leap. I would not have you think, that the vertuous Example of your Life has not inſtructed me ſufficiently how to die. And when can I ever do it better,*

or with more Decency, or Delight, than with you? And therefore, aſſure your ſelf, I will not ſtay behind. Seneca could not but take this noble Reſolution of hers as it deſerv'd; and being alſo willing to ſecure her againſt the Cruelties of his Enemies after his Death, he took her again in his Arms, ſaying, O Paulina, *I have indeed inſtructed thee how to live well, but I ſee thou lovedſt more the Honour of Dying. In truth, I will not grudge it thee: The Reſolution and Conſtancy in our common End, are the ſame, but the Beauty and Glory of thy Part in it, is much the greater.*

Which ſaid, the Surgeon open'd the Veins of both their Arms; but the Blood in *Seneca*, becauſe of his great Age and Abſtinence, flowing very ſlow, he order'd the Veins of his Thighs to be likewiſe open'd. Leſt the Torment he was in might ſhake his Wife's Conſtancy; and to free himſelf from the Sight of her in the ſame Agony, he took his Leave of her, in the moſt tender manner, and prevail'd with her, to let her Servants carry her to her own Chamber. But

all

all theſe Inciſions being yet not ſufficient to give him Death, he commanded his Phyſician to adminiſter a Draught of Poiſon; which had but little better Effect, conſidering the Coldneſs of his Limbs, and the Shrinking of his Sinews, retarded its Paſſage to his Heart. After all, they were forc'd to put him into a *hot Bath*, wherein, to his laſt Gaſp, he continu'd diſcourſing upon ſuch noble Subjects, as refer'd to his preſent Condition, which, tho' taken in Writing by his Secretaries, that ſtood by, are now loſt, to the irreparable Regret of the Learn'd World. At laſt, feeling the immediate Stroke of Death, he with his Hands threw ſome of the bloody Water of the Bath over his Head, as a *Libation* to the *Gods*, ſaying, *This I offer up to* Jupiter, *the Deliverer*; and ſtreight expir'd. In the mean time *Nero* hearing what Part *Paulina* had acted in this *Tragedy*, ſent Orders, in all haſte, to bind up her Wounds; which was done, without her Knowledge, being almoſt dead, and without all manner of Senſe. Thus, tho' ſhe liv'd

liv'd againſt her Will, it was with Honour, and to the Height of that Vertue ſhe had learn'd of *Seneca*. The Paleneſs of her Complection to her Dying-day, expreſs'd ſufficiently how much of Life ſhe had loſt with her Blood; and the Conduct of the reſt of her Life, was a glorious Proof, how worthy ſhe was of ſuch a Husband.

Certainly there was ſomething very *Noble* in the Death of *Seneca*, and altogether ſuitable to that excellent *Syſtem* of *Philoſophy* and *Morals*, that are yet preſerv'd to us in his immortal Writings; and yet methinks it falls ſhort of that of *Socrates*. It's true, it's a thouſand Pities the laſt *Diſcourſes* of *Seneca* in the *Bath* are loſt, but it's as true, there is ſomething to be obſerv'd in all his Behaviour, that looks like the Effects only of a ſtudy'd Vertue, and the Reſult of a long Train of Precepts. Whereas the Behaviour of *Socrates* has ſomething in it ſo *natural* and free from all Conſtraint, as if his Vertue were a part of his Conſtitution, and interwoven with his firſt Threads

Threads of Life, not the Conſequent of long Study or Precept.

I am not willing to believe all that has been writ to the Prejudice of *Seneca*, much leſs *Dion* the *Hiſtorian*, who deſcribes him, *effeminate*, *voluptuous*, and a *falſe Pretender to Philoſophy*. I had much rather take his Character from *Tacitus*, and other *Roman Writers*, who muſt needs have been better acquainted with it. But ſtill I am apt to think, with ſome of theſe his own Countrymen, that he did not live up to that exact *Pattern* he ſet to others, eſpecially with reſpect to *Riches*, and other *Goods of Fortune*. When we read his mighty Flights, and ſevere Maxims in theſe Matters, we can hardly believe how the Man who writ ſo, could act the quite contrary; or that he that treats Riches and Honours with ſuch Contempt, ſhould heap together ſo great a Maſs of *Wealth*, or accept from a *Tyrant* ſuch high *Poſts* in the *State*.

I confeſs, there is no Man's Works I have read with greater Pleaſure than *Seneca*'s, tho' it were to be wiſh'd, the Stile and Connection were

were equal to the Matter they contain: But ſtill he treats of his Subjects after a far different manner from *Socrates*. Read but the latter, in *Plato*, or *Zenophon*, diſcourſing of *Liberty*, you would be preſently convinc'd, that he that talks ſo, does it from his Heart, and that he would purchaſe that *Liberty* at the Price of a thouſand Lives, if he had them. Read *Seneca* afterwards upon the ſame Subject; It has the Air of one that paints *Liberty* in all its Beauties, but without diving into the Spirit of it, or daring to ſtrike a Blow for it. When *Seneca* treats of the Contempt of Death, he does it with ſo much Art, and in ſo languiſhing a manner, as one may eaſily perceive he would perſwade another to a thing, which he is not firmly reſolv'd upon himſelf. But when *Socrates* but touches on the ſame Subject, he ſtrikes home, and not only fortifies, but *animates* and *inflames* one with a Deſire to meet his *Deſtiny*.

Before I take leave of *Seneca*, I cannot but obſerve, that tho' he was of the ſame rigid *Sect* of *Stoicks* with *Cato*,

Cato, there appears on ſome Occaſions more of good Nature and Complaiſance in the one than the other, of which the following Paſſage is a remarkable Inſtance. As *Paulina* came afterwards to offer up her Life voluntarily for the Love of *Seneca*, ſo ſometime before, he forbore dying for Love of her, which, according to his Principles, was the ſame in point of Friendſhip, with dying for her. In one of his Letters, he tells *Lucilius*, that he had been *lately worn out with an Ague, and many Infirmities of old Age, and had reſolv'd to ſet himſelf free*, that is, in the *Stoick* Senſe, To kill himſelf. *But* Paulina (ſays he) *has given me a Charge to live. Now I, who know that her Life is bound up in mine, begin to make much of my ſelf, and take the Remedies that are preſcrib'd me, only that I may preſerve her. For ſomething muſt be allow'd to honeſt Affections, and ſometimes to pleaſe thoſe that love us, and we love, we are oblig'd to call back Life, tho' with Grief.* Thus (concludes he) *has my* Paulina *loaded me not only with her Fears, but my own: It had not been ſufficient to conſider,*

how

how reſolutely I can die, but how irreſolutely ſhe would bear my Death; ſo that for her ſake I am forc'd to live, and to live is ſometimes the higheſt Fortitude.

I cannot take leave of the Compariſon between theſe three Philoſophers, without obſerving one Particular, wherein I am apt to think *Socrates*, and even *Cato*, had much the better of *Seneca*. The two firſt expreſs more *Tenderneſs* and *Good Nature* at their Deaths towards their Friends, than *Seneca* did to *Paulina*. *Socrates* reaſons warmly againſt *Cebes*, for but ſuppoſing that *Evenus* would rather die than ſurvive him; And *Cato* would not put an End to his own Life, till he had provided for the Lives of his Friends. He not only adjur'd them to live and ſubmit to the *Conqueror*, but was reſtleſs till they were out of Danger: And having ſent again and again to know if they were got all ſafe out of the Harbour of *Utica*, he delay'd to give himſelf the mortal Stroke, till he was ſure they were gone. But *Seneca*'s Conduct in Incouraging his Wife to die with him, when there was no Neceſſity

ceſſity for it, has ſomething in it both *Cruel* and *Unnatural*; and the rather, that She was but in the Bloom of her Age, and he an old decrepid Man, that had but very few Years to number by the Courſe of Nature. In a word, his Behaviour in that Matter ſeems to me a Romantick Strain of Philoſophy; and that either he envy'd her Living after him, or was loath to part with Life, without ſome Body to bear him Company.

I had forgot one thing, *Madam*, in relation to *Socrates*, before I have done with him, which indeed I ought to have mention'd before. He did not always ſerve his Country in a *private Capacity* only, but by his Merits alone arriv'd to the *Firſt Dignities* of the *State*, notwithſtanding the *Meanneſs* of his *Birth*. The *Soveraignty* of *Athens* was lodg'd in the *Senate*, choſe once a Year by *Balloting* out of the Ten *Tribes*, into which the *City* was divided. Out of the *Senate* were choſe Ten *Preſidents*, one of every *Tribe*, who preſided each of them five Weeks in their turn. Out of theſe Ten *Preſidents* was Elected one they call'd the *Epiſtate* or *Supream-*

It-

Intendant. This *Magiſtrate* kept the Keys of the *Citadel*, and of the *publick Treaſury*, and was Maſter of the Fate of *Athens* for the few Hours he continued in that Poſt; For by the Conſtitution he could not enjoy it longer than a Day, and but once in his Life: *So jealous were the* Athenians *of their Liberties, and ſo cautious of lodging too great a Power in any one Set of Men, or any one Family, and much more in any one ſingle Hand, or for any long time.* *Socrates* paſt thro' all theſe Degrees of *Magiſtrature*, being firſt a *Senator*, then a *Preſident*, and at laſt *Epiſtate*, and the Firſt Man in *Athens*. In all which Capacities He gave the uſual Proofs of his undaunted Courage, untainted Juſtice, and diſintereſted Concern for the Good of his Country, Of which we have a great many Inſtances recorded in Hiſtory, too long to inſert here.

It was in the *Senate*, when he was *Preſident*, that he had this Golden Expreſſion, *That it's the Office of a good Citizen, in Peace to Inrich the Commonwealth, in War to Conquer its Enemies; in Ambaſſies to make Friends of Foes, and*

and in Seditions to appeaſe the People by Eloquence, and that Authority which attends an unſpotted Life.

As the *Republick* of *Athens* had modell'd it ſelf upon the Principle of *Liberty*, ſo it is very remarkable, That even in its moſt Corrupted Times, None ever roſe to any *Office* in the State, *Civil* or *Military*, without ſome previous *Merit*, and doing ſomething that deſerv'd well of their Country. Tho' it's as true, that the ſame Merit, when thought too great, prov'd many times in the End fatal to themſelves, through the Envy of the People, and ſometimes to the Conſtitution through Ambition, and the overvaluing their Services. Even the Power and Intereſt of Great Men alone, never rais'd one to Preferment, far leſs did Money. For if ever any one arriv'd to the firſt Dignities of the State by his Vertue, it was *Pericles*, yet this very Man, at a time when he was almoſt Abſolute, both in the State and Army, a near Relation of his coming to ask him for an *Employment*, which he confeſt he had not yet deſerv'd, but hop'd he ſhould, His

Anſwer was, *If you want to ſhare with me in my little Fortune, it's at your Service; but for my Country, it is not mine to give. And the Gods forbid, the* Athenians *ſhould ever be ſo mad, as to think it Merit enough to be Related to* Pericles.

Having done with *Socrates*, it's but reaſonable, *Madam*, I give you ſome ſhort Account of *Zenophon*, the *Author* of this *Book*. He was of one of the *Nobleſt Families* in *Athens*, and ſaid to be the moſt Beautiful Man of his time. He was the Friend and Scholar of *Socrates*, and the firſt who committed the Doctrine and Sayings of his Maſter to Writing, and that with the exacteſt Fidelity, without mixing any thing of his own, as his Fellow-Scholar *Plato* is thought to have done.

He was the firſt of all the Philoſophers that adorn'd Philoſophy, both by his *Words* and *Actions*. His Stile was *polite*, *eaſy*, and *ſweet*, and in his Voice and Expreſſion there was ſomething ſo Muſical and Charming, that it was ſaid, *In him the Muſes ſeem'd to ſpeak*. Upon all which Accounts he had

had the Name given him, of the *Attick Muſe*. No Man ever deſcrib'd with his Pen, or recommended by his Practice, Heroick Vertue, better than he. Nor was there ever greater Proofs of Courage and Conduct than thoſe of his in ſeveral *Battles*, but more particularly in his *Perſian Expedition*, which has been the juſt Admiration of all Ages ſince. The Occaſion of it was this:

Cyrus the younger Brother of *Artaxerxes Mnemon* being reſolv'd to conteſt the Empire of *Perſia* with him, gather'd together a Mighty Army, in which were ten Thouſand *Auxiliary Greeks*, and march'd from the *Leſſer Aſia* as far as *Euphrates*, to give him *Battle*. *Zenophon* went along a Voluntier, being invited by *Cyrus*, upon the account chiefly of his Learning, of which that Prince had acquir'd ſome Tincture, by converſing with the *Greeks*, when he lived in *Ionia*, as Governour under his Father.

The two Brothers came to a *Battle*, which being obſtinately fought on both ſides, the *Greeks* giving

Proofs of their uſual Valour, and particularly *Xenophon*, *Cyrus* in the end puſhing too far, loſt the Field, and his Life together. The Battle being loſt, the *Greeks* retir'd in a Body to their *Camp*, without any great Loſs, whither the next Day *Artaxerxes* ſent them in appearance a friendly Meſſage, with Offers of a ſafe Conduct, back to their own Country, upon condition they would lay down their Arms. The *Greeks* conſidering they were but a handful of Men, and in the Heart of the *Perſian Dominions*, with a victorious Army in the Front of them, were willing to hearken to any reaſonable Compoſition; and in order to it, they agreed to a *Truce* for a few Days. During which time, the *Perſians* having invited the Chief Leaders into their Camp, under the Pretence of an Entertainment, mur-der'd them baſely in cold Blood.

This News being brought to the *Grecian Camp*, put them into the greateſt Conſternation, and all the Commanders that were left, thought it moſt adviſable to ſurrender at Diſcretion. Things being brought to this

this deſperate paſs, Up roſe *Xenophon*, and taking the Advantage of a riſing Peice of Ground, made them a pathetick Eloquent Speech, incouraging them to ſet fire to their *Camp*, and either to force their way back to *Greece*, or die nobly with their Swords in their hands, offering himſelf to be their *Leader*. The Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, the Charms of his Speaking, with the Character of being the *Scholar* of *Socrates*, had their effect; For it was thereupon unanimouſly reſolved to die or live with *Xenophon*. It's ſaid, He was a great Lover of fine Horſes and Arms, and upon this occaſion, putting on his richeſt Apparel, he mounted his beſt Horſe, ſaying, *If he conquer'd, he deſerv'd them, but if he dy'd in Battle, they would decently expreſs his Quality, and were the moſt fitting Funeral Ornaments of a valiant Man.*

Xenophon fully anſwer'd their Expectation; For he fought his way back to *Greece*, thro' innumerable Difficulties, and ſuch as would have been inſuperable to any *Genius* but his own, or any *Army* but that which

he led. In fine, he forc'd his Paſſage through *three and twenty Kingdoms and Provinces*, and croſs'd above *two hundred Rivers*, purſu'd by Armies for the moſt part ten times ſuperior to his. In this glorious *March* are reckoned *two hundred and fifteen Encampments*, and near *four thouſand three hundred* Engliſh *Miles*; all within the Compaſs of one Year and three Months. This, in one word, is that *Expedition* of *Zenophon* ſo much admir'd, and ſo much celebrated by both Ancient and Modern Hiſtorians.

After all this Glory, ſo great, and ſo juſtly acquir'd, this great Scholar and Soldier fell under the Fate of his Maſter *Socrates*: For, being baniſhed his ungrateful Country, he dy'd an *Exile* at *Corinth*, having perpetuated his Name to Poſterity, by his immortal Writings, as well as his renowned Actions. And thus *it was in* Athens, *as in other Countries, where good and ill Services to the Publick are equally in time forgotten.*

The *Lacedemonians* allow'd him a *Penſion* out of their publick Treaſury,

ry, which they had ſeldom done to any one before, and never to an *Athenian*. Indeed he ſtood in need of it; for he had apply'd nothing to his own Uſe of all the Spoils he had brought from *Perſia*, in this Expedition with *Cyrus*, and another he made afterwards with *Ageſilaus*, the *Spartan* King. For *it was reſerv'd to later times, for Men to enrich themſelves at the Expence of their Country, or by the Spoils of War.*

The following Lines are ſaid, by an ancient Author, to have been inſcrib'd on his *Statue* at *Corinth*.

Great Zenophon *at once made two Aſcents,*
To Aſia *in Perſon, and to Heaven by Fame;*
His Stile and Actions (laſting Monuments)
Lay to Socratick *Wiſdom equal Claim.*

After having given you, *Madam*, ſome Account of theſe two famous Philoſophers, *Socrates* and *Zenophon*, It's reaſonable, towards the underſtanding this *Piece* I have tranſlated,

that I acquaint you with the Method of it. Be pleas'd to know then, that moſt of the Ancient *Philoſophers* and *Moraliſts* did propagate their Doctrine in the Stile of *Dialogue*. This way they choſe, as the moſt familiar and eaſy towards the leading their Hearers inſenſibly into the Subjects they chiefly aim'd at. And tho' 'tis believ'd *Socrates* writ nothing himſelf, yet it's certain, his uſual manner of Inſtruction was *Dialogue-way*, without ſet *Speeches*, or formal *Lectures*. As this was the Method of Inſtruction with theſe Ancient Philoſophers, ſo they choſe to put it in practice, for the moſt part, at *Meal-Times*; and from thence it is, that their Doctrine and Opinions are ſo frequently recorded under the Name and Repreſentation of a *Banquet*. This Manner of Writing was ſo much in Uſe among the Ancients, and ſo much eſteem'd by Men of Letters ſince, that the *Reſtorers* of *Learning* in the two laſt Ages, have been fond of imitating it. To inſtance but one, among a great many, Of all the *Works* of the Learn'd

Eraſ-

Eraſmus, none have been ſo much admir'd, as his *Banquets*.

In the next place, *Madam*, you will meet frequently in this little *Treatiſe* with Diſcourſes of *Beauty* and *Love*, which require ſome Explanation. Be pleas'd to conſider then, that *Socrates*, and his Followers, tho' they chiefly admir'd and paid Homage to the *Beauty of the Mind*, yet were wonderfully fond of the *Beauty* of the *Face* and *Perſon*. The Reaſon was this; They had a Notion, *That the Soul of Man being a Ray of the Divine Nature, and ſubſiſting at firſt alone without a Body, came afterwards, under the Influence and Direction of an Almighty Power, to concur towards the Formation of that Body, which it was to animate.* And therefore it always aim'd at as *great* a *Reſemblance* between it and its Body as poſſibly could be between two things ſo far in their Natures different. So it was their Opinion, That a *Soul originally vicious became naturally the Inhabitant of a deform'd Body*; *and, on the contrary, a vertuous Soul, that of a beautiful Body*: And conſequently, according

cording to the Degrees of Vertue or Vice implanted at firſt in the Soul of Man, he came to be in his Perſon more or leſs handſom or ugly. This being their Opinion, it's no wonder they put ſuch a Value on *Perſonal Beauty*, in which-ever of the Sexes it was found, ſeeing from it they concluded the *Beauty of the Mind*.

But it's a pity that *Socrates* himſelf ſhould have been ſo remarkable an *Exception* againſt his own *Rule*, being one of the homelieſt, if not ugglieſt Men we read of: For which he rallies himſelf very pleaſantly in this *Banquet*, deſcribing his Perſon as it really was. If his Notion about the *Formation* of the *Body* had been true, he ought to have been one of the handſomeſt Men in the World, and infinitely beyond even his Friend *Alcibiades*, who was the moſt beautiful Perſon in *Athens*, and became, after the Death of *Socrates*, the greateſt Mixture of Vertue and Vice that ever was.

But there is a Paſſage in *Zenophon* that ſeems to favour this Opinion of *Socrates* about *Beauty*, unleſs it be, that

So-

Socrates is there introduc'd ſpeaking in Jeſt only, as ſome have imagin'd. There was one *Zopirus*, who pretended to Skill in *Phiſiognomy*, and to read Mens Temper and Inclinations in the Lines of the Face. This Man coming to *Athens*, fell into the Company of *Alcibiades*, and ſome other Friends of *Socrates*, who, to try his boaſted Skill, brought *Socrates* into the Room, being altogether a Stranger to him. *Zopirus* examining nicely his Features, told them, that by the Rules of his *Art*, he was greatly addicted to *Wine* and *Women*. They all fell a laughing at his Ignorance, telling him, it was *Socrates*, whom but to name was enough to put the Man out of Countenance. But *Socrates* interrupting them, ſaid, *Zopirus* was in the right, for he was naturally inclin'd to the Vices he had nam'd, but had overcome them by the Strength of his Reaſon.

This being the Opinion of *Socrates* concerning *Beauty*, it's no wonder, to find in his Diſcourſes ſo much of *Love*, or that he and his Followers were Votaries to that *Paſſion*: But this

this was a *regular vertuous Love*, and ſuch as became the Philoſophy they profeſs'd. When it happen'd between two or more of the ſame *Sex*, as it frequently did, it was, properly ſpeaking, the *pure and untainted Love of Friendſhip*, and the Reſult of that Vertue, and of thoſe noble Qualities they found in one another. In a word, It was ſuch a *Love* as the *Poets* have painted. between *Piladas* and *Oreſtes*, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, and that which in Reality was between the great *Scipio* and *Lelius*. Nor want we in *Holy Writ* a much brighter Example than any of theſe, even the Love that cemented together the Souls of *David* and *Jonathan*.

Now the Deſign of this *Treatiſe* being to divert and inſtruct, not to entertain you with melancholy *Scenes*; Here are no *Dungeon* nor *Chains*, no *Executioner* to mix the *deadly Bowl*, nor any other Pomp of Death; but *Socrates* at an *Entertainment* with his Friends. To uſe the Expreſſion of one of the Learneſt *Criticks* * of the

* Tanaquilus Faber.

laſt

laſt Age; *In this little Piece every thing is an Original, every thing agreeable, and every thing inſtructive. It's Nature, the Graces, and* Venus Urania, *that ſpeak; and to ſay all in one Word, It's* Socrates *that talks, and* Zenophon *that writes.*

It ſeems to me ſtrange, that in a Country where *Tranſlations* are become ſo much in Faſhion, this Piece of *Zenophon*'s has never hitherto appear'd in *Engliſh.* I own, I have neither a Genius nor Inclination for Tranſlating; and as this is my firſt of that kind, ſo it may probably be my laſt. I have juſt Reaſon to fear, I have not done my Author any great Honour, yet I hope I have not done him any great Injuſtice; for I have follow'd him as near the *Greek*, as either my Skill in that Language, or the vaſt Difference between the *Idioms* of it and *Ours* could permit.

I have made bold, it's true, to give a more *Modern Turn* to ſome few *Paſſages*, which, if literally tranſlated, would have ſounded harſh, and perhaps might admit of an ill Conſtruction in the Age we live: tho'

tho', at the ſame time, there is nothing in theſe *Paſſages*, which, taken in the Senſe that *Zenophon* meant, can reaſonably offend the chaſteſt Ear. This I choſe rather to do, than by following my Author too cloſely, be oblig'd to make an *Apology* for him. Every *Age* and *Country* have their own *Cuſtoms*, and *Taſte* of Things: We have ours, and the *Greeks* had theirs. And they who underſtand the *Original*, will not only obſerve where I have thus varied from my *Author*, but will, I hope, approve me in ſo doing.

Whatever my Performance in this *Tranſlation* and *Eſſay* may be, it's a Proof of my being perſwaded, that all Notions of *Vertue* are not yet extinct among us, otherwiſe I ſhould not have ventur'd on a Subject ſo much out of Faſhion, as this may ſeem to be. And it were to be wiſh'd, that we who value our ſelves upon a *Religion* that's *Reveal'd* from Heaven, would but imitate this great *Pattern* of *Natural Religion*, in *univerſal Charity*, *good Nature*, a *diſ-intereſted Love to our Country*, and thoſe

thoſe other Qualities that tend to the *Peace* and *Happineſs* of Mankind.

I am very ſenſible, it's a bold Attempt, to pretend to imitate in a Modern Language the moſt *polite* Pen of the moſt *polite* Age that ever *Athens* knew. But I have endeavour'd it as well as I can, and let it take its Fate.

If it but pleaſe you, *Madam*, I ſhall not think a few Hours I have ſtole from the Buſineſs of my Profeſſion have been ill employ'd. In making you a Preſent of this kind, ſo very young, judge what an Opinion I have of you *now*, and how firmly I am perſwaded, and expect to ſee you become one Day a *ſhining Ornament* to your *Sex* and *Family*: And give me leave to tell you, the World will never be content with leſs than the higheſt Perfections in a *Daughter* of the late *Dutcheſs of Queensbery*. When you come to reliſh what I have writ of the Vertues of *Socrates*, Remember, you had a *Mother* who poſſeſs'd them all, as far as was conſiſtent with the Delicacy of her *Sex* and *Temper*: For if I believ'd the *Tranſmigration of Souls*,

Souls, I ſhould have thought that *Hers* had been once the *Soul of* Socrates, new caſt in a ſofter Mold. She had one Felicity that was deny'd Him: The *Athenians* had not that Value for him that he deſerv'd, till it was too late; whereas She was equally lov'd and admir'd, while living, and univerſally lamented, when dead. Nor has there been, in any Age, an Inſtance of a happier Pair in a marry'd State, or of more Incenſe that has been paid to the Memory of a Beloved Wife, than by her *Illuſtrious* Husband to *Hers* after her Death.

MADAM,

Be You ſuch as your *Noble* Mother was, and You have attain'd the utmoſt I can wiſh for you, being with the greateſt Eſteem,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

JAMES WELWOOD.

THE BANQUET OF XENOPHON.

I Am of Opinion, that as well the *Sayings* as the *Actions* of *Great Men* deſerve to be Recorded, Whether they treat of ſerious Subjects with the Greateſt Application of Mind, or giving themſelves ſome Reſpite, Unbend their Thoughts to Diverſions worthy of 'em. You will know by the Relation I am going to make, what it was inſpir'd me with this Thought, being my ſelf preſent.

During the *Feſtival* of *Minerva*, there was a Solemn Turnament, whi-

ther * *Callias*, who tenderly lov'd *Autolicus*, carry'd him, which was foon after the *Victory* which that *Youth* had obtain'd at the *Olimpick Games*. When the *Show* was over, *Callias* taking *Autolicus* and his Father with him, went down from the *City* to his Houſe at the † *Piræum*, with *Niceratus* the Son of *Nicias*.

* Callias *was of the Nobleſt Families in Athens, and was ſirnam'd* the Rich.

† *The Sea-port Town of Athens.*

But upon the way meeting *Socrates*, *Hermogenes*, *Critobulas*, *Antiſthenes* and *Charmides* diſcourſing together, He gave Orders to One of his People to conduct *Autolicus* and thoſe of his Company to his Houſe, And Addreſſing himſelf to *Socrates*, and thoſe who were with him, *I cou'd not*, ſays he, *have met with you more Opportunely; I treat to Day* Autolicus *and his Father, and if I am not Deceived, Perſons who like you have their Souls* ‖ *Purify'd by refin'd Contemplations, wou'd do much more Honour to our Aſſembly, than Your Colonels of Horſe, Captains of Foot, and other Gentlemen of Buſineſs, who are full of Nothing but their Offices and Employments.* You are always upon the Banter, ſaid *Socrates*; For ſince you gave ſo much Money

‖ *Socrates was call'd the purifying Philoſopher, becauſe he purify'd the Minds of thoſe he converſed with from Vice and Errors of Education.*

ney to * *Protagoras*, *Gorgias* and *Prodicus*, to be inſtructed in *Wiſdom*, You make but little Account of us, who have no other Aſſiſtance but from our ſelves to acquire *Knowledge*. 'Tis true, ſaid *Callias*, hitherto I have conceal'd from you a Thouſand fine things I learnt in the Converſation of thoſe Gentlemen; But if you will ſup with me this Evening, I will teach you all I know, and after that, I don't doubt, you will ſay, I am a Man of Conſequence.

* *Three famous Pedants that pretended to teach Wiſdom*; alias *Sophiſts*.

Socrates and the Reſt thank'd him with the Civility that was due to a Perſon of ſo high a *Rank*, that had invited 'em in ſo Obliging a manner: And *Callias* ſhowing an Unwillingneſs to be refuſed, they at laſt accepted the Invitation, and went along with him. After they had done *Bathing* and *Anointing*, as was the Cuſtom before *Meals*, they all went into the *Eating-Room*, where *Autolicus* was ſeated by his Father's ſide, And each of the Reſt took his Place according to his Age or Quality.

Beauty and its Effects.

The whole Company became immediately ſenſible of the Power of

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Beauty and its Effects.

Beauty, and every one at the ſame time ſilently confeſs'd, that by Natural Right the Soveraignty belong'd to it, eſpecially when attended with Modeſty and a vertuous Baſhfulneſs. Now *Autolicus* was one of that kind of *Beauties*; And the Effect which the Sight of ſo lovely a Perſon produced, was to attract the Eyes of the whole Company to him, as one would do to Flaſhes of Lightning in a dark Night. All Hearts ſurrendred to his Power, and paid Homage to the ſweet and noble Mein and Features of his Countenance, and the Manly Gracefulneſs of his Shape.

The Effects of Regular Vertuous Love.

It is very certain that in thoſe who are divinely inſpir'd by ſome good *Dæmon*, there appears ſomething, which makes 'em beheld with the ſtricteſt Attention, and a pleaſing Aſtoniſhment: Whereas thoſe who are poſſeſs'd by ſome evil *Genius* or *Power*, beſides the Terror that appears in their Looks, they talk in a Tone that ſtrikes Horror, and have a ſort of unbounded Vehemence in all they ſay, and do, that comes but little ſhort of Madneſs. Thence it is, as it

it was in this Caſe, that thoſe who are touch'd with a juſt and well regulated *Love* diſcover in their Eyes a *charming Sweetneſs*, in the Tone of the Voice a *Muſical Softneſs*, and in their whole Deportment ſomething that expreſſes in dumb Show the *innate Vertue* of their *Soul*.

At length they ſat down to *Supper*, and a Profound Silence was obſerv'd, as tho' it had been enjoin'd, When a certain *Buffoon* named *Philip* knocked at the Door, and bade the Servant that open'd it, tell the Gentlemen, he was there, and that he came to ſup with 'em; adding, there was no Occaſion to deliberate whether he ſhould let him in, for that he was perfectly well furniſh'd with every thing that could be neceſſary towards Supping well on Free-coſt, his Boy being weary with carrying nothing in his Belly, and himſelf extreamly fatiegu'd with running about to ſee where he could fill his own. *Callias* underſtanding the Arrival of this new Gueſt, order'd him to be let in, ſaying, We muſt not refuſe him his Diſh, and at the ſame time turn'd his Eyes towards

Autolicus, to diſcover, probably, the Judgment he made of what had paſs'd in the Company with relation to him; But *Philip* coming into the Room, "Gentlemen, ſays he, You "all know I am a *Buffoon* by Profeſ- "ſion, and therefore am come of my "own Accord. I choſe rather to "come uninvited, than put you to "the Trouble of a formal Invitation, "having an Averſion to Ceremony. "Very well, ſaid *Callias*, take a Place "then, *Philip*, the Gentlemen here "are full of ſerious Thoughts, and I "fancy they will have Occaſion for "ſome body to make 'em laugh.

While Supper laſted, *Philip* fail'd not to ſerve 'em up now and then a *Diſh* of his Profeſſion; He ſaid a Thouſand ridiculous things; But not having provok'd one Smile, he diſcover'd ſufficient Diſſatisfaction. Sometime after he fell to't again, and the Company heard him again without being mov'd. Thereupon up he got, and throwing his Cloak * over his Head, laid himſelf down at his full Length on his Couch, without Eating one Bit more. What's the Matter,

* *The Greeks under any diſgrace threw their Mantle over their Head.*

ter, says *Callias*, has any sudden Illness taken you? Alas, cry'd he, fetching a deep Sigh from his Heart, The quickest and most sensible Pain that ever I felt in my whole Life, for since there's no more Laughing in the World, 'tis plain my Business is at an end, and I have nothing now to do but to make a decent Exit. Heretofore I have been call'd to every jolly Entertainment, to divert the Company with my Buffoonries; but to what Purpose shou'd they now invite me? I can as soon become a God as say one serious Word, And to imagine Any One will give me a Meal in hopes of a Return in kind, is a meer Jest, for my Spit was never yet laid down for Supper; such a Custom never enter'd my Doors.

While *Philip* talk'd in this manner, he held his Handkerchief to his Eyes, and personated to Admiration a Man grievously afflicted. Upon which every one comforted him, and promis'd if he would eat, they would laugh as much as he pleas'd. The Pity which the Company shew'd *Philip* having made * *Critobulus* almost burst

* It is thought by Critobulus the Author means himself.

burſt his ſides, *Philip* uncover'd his Face, and fell to his Supper again, ſaying, Rejoice my Soul, and take Courage, this will not be thy laſt good Meal; I ſee thou wilt yet be good for ſomething. They had now taken away, and made *Effuſion* of Wine in Honour of the *Gods*, when a certain *Syracuſian* enter'd, leading in a handſom *Girl*, who play'd on the *Flute*, another that danc'd and ſhow'd very nimble Feats of Activity, and a beautiful little *Boy*, who danc'd, and play'd perfectly well on the *Guitar*. After theſe had ſufficiently diverted the Company, *Socrates*, Addreſſing himſelf to *Callias*, In truth, ſays he, You have treated us very handſomly, and have added to the Delicacy of Eating, other things delightful to our Seeing and Hearing.

Perfumes.

* *It was the Cuſtom of the Greeks at Great Entertainments to perfume their Gueſts, at which they ſometimes expended Great Sums.*

But we want * *Perfumes* to make up the Treat, anſwer'd *Callias*, What ſay you to that? Not at all, reply'd *Socrates*, *Perfumes* like *Habits* are to be us'd according to Decency: Some become Men; and others, Women; But I would not that One Man ſhou'd perfume himſelf for the ſake of another;

ther; And for the Women, eſpecially ſuch as the Wife of *Critobulus* or *Nicerates*, they have no Occaſion for *Perfumes*, their natural Sweetneſs ſupplying the want of 'em. But 'tis otherwiſe if we talk of the Smell of that *Oil* that's uſed in the *Olimpick Games*, or other Places of * *Publick Exerciſe*; This indeed is ſweeter to the Men than *Perfumes* to the Women; And when they have been for ſome time diſus'd to it, they only think on't with a greater Deſire. If you perfume a Slave and a Freeman, the Difference of their Birth produces none in the Smell; And the Scent is perceiv'd as ſoon in the one as the other: But the *Odor* of *Honourable Toil*, as it is acquir'd with great Pains and Application, ſo it is ever ſweet, and worthy of a brave Man. This is agreeable to young Men, ſaid *Lycon*, but as for you and me, who are paſt the Age of theſe *Publick Exerciſes*, what Perfumes ought we to have? That of *Vertue* and *Honour*, ſaid *Socrates*.

* *At the Olimpick and other Games of Greece, they rub'd their Joints with hot Oil to make 'em more ſupple and active.*

Lycon. And where is this ſort of Perfume to be had?

Soc.

Soc. Not in the Shops, I aſſure you.

Lycon. Where then?

Soc. Theognis ſufficiently diſcovers *where*, when he tells us in his Poem.

When Vertuous Thoughts warm the Cœleſtial Mind
With generous Heat, each Sentiment's Refin'd;
Th' immortal Perfumes breathing from the Heart,
With grateful Odors, ſweeten every Part.

But when our Vicious Paſſions fire the Soul,
The cleareſt Fountains grow corrupt and foul;
The Virgin Springs which ſhou'd untainted flow,
Run thick, and blacken all the Stream below.

Do you underſtand this, my Son, ſaid *Lycon* to *Autolicus*? He not only underſtands it, but will practiſe it too, ſaid *Socrates*, and I am ſatisfy'd, when he comes to contend for that *Noble Prize*, he will chooſe a Maſter to inſtruct him, ſuch as you ſhall approve

prove of, who will be capable of giving him Rules to attain it.

Then they began all to re-aſſume what *Socrates* had ſaid; One affirmed there was no Maſter to be found that was qualify'd to inſtruct others in *Vertue*; another ſaid, It cou'd not be Taught; and a Third maintain'd, that if *Vertue* cou'd not be Taught, nothing elſe cou'd. Very well, ſaid *Socrates*; But ſince we cannot agree at preſent in our Opinions about this Matter, let us defer the Queſtion to another Opportunity, and apply our ſelves to what is before us; for I ſee the Dancing Girl entring at the other End of the Hall; and ſhe has brought her Cymbals along with her. At the ſame time the other Girl took her *Flute*, The One play'd and the other danc'd to Admiration; the Dancing Girl throwing up, and catching again her Cymbals ſo, as to anſwer exactly the Cadency of the Muſick, and that with a ſurprizing Dexterity. *Socrates*, who obſerv'd her with Pleaſure, thought it deſerv'd ſome Reflection; And therefore, ſaid he, This young Girl has confirm'd me in the Opi-

If Vertue can be taught.

Opinion I have had of a long time, that the *Female Sex* are nothing inferior to ours, excepting only in *Strength* of Body, or perhaps *Steddineſs* of Judgment. Now you Gentlemen that have Wives amongſt us, may take my Word for it, They are capable of Learning any thing you are willing they ſhould know, to make 'em more uſeful to you. If ſo, Sir, ſaid *Antiſthenes*, if this be the real Sentiment of your Heart, How comes it, you don't inſtruct *Xantippe*, who is, beyond Diſpute, the moſt inſupportable Woman that is, has been, or ever will be? I do with her, ſaid *Socrates*, like thoſe who would learn *Horſmanſhip*, They don't chooſe eaſy tame Horſes, or ſuch as are manageable at Pleaſure, but the higheſt Metal'd and hardeſt Mouth'd, Believing if they can tame the Natural Heat and Impetuoſity of theſe, there can be none too hard for 'em to manage. I propoſe to my ſelf very near the ſame thing, For having deſign'd to converſe with all ſorts of People, I believ'd I ſhou'd find nothing to diſturb me in their Converſation or

The Advantage of a troubleſom Wife.

Man-

Manners, being once accuſtomed to bear the unhappy Temper of *Xantippe.*

The Company reliſh'd what *Socrates* ſaid, and the Thought appear'd very reaſonable. Then a *Hoop* being brought in, with Swords fix'd all around it, their Points upwards, and plac'd in the Middle of the Hall; The Dancing-Girl immediately leapt headforemoſt into it, thro' the Midſt of the Points, and then out again, with a wonderful Agility. This Sight gave the Company more Surprize and Fear, than Pleaſure, every one believing ſhe would wound her ſelf; but ſhe receiv'd no harm, and perform'd her Feats, with all the Courage and Aſſurance imaginable.

That there is a Habit of Courage, and may be learnt.

The Company may ſay what they pleaſe, ſaid *Socrates*, but if I am not miſtaken, no body will deny, but Courage may be learnt, and that there are Maſters for this *Vertue* in particular; tho' they will not allow it in the other Vertues we were juſt now ſpeaking of: ſince a Girl, you ſee, has the Courage to throw her ſelf thro' the Midſt of naked Swords, which

which I believe none of us dare venture upon. Truly, ſaid *Antiſthenes*, to whom *Socrates* ſpoke, the *Syracuſian* may ſoon make his *Fortune*, if he would but ſhow this Girl in a full *Theatre*, and promiſe the *Athenians*, that for a conſiderable Sum of Money, he would inſtruct 'em to be as little afraid of the *Lacedemonian Lances*, as this Girl of her Swords. Ah! cries the *Buffoon*, What Pleaſure ſhould I take, to ſee *Piſander*, that grave *Counſellor of State*, taking *Leſſons* from this Girl; he that is like to ſwoon away at the Sight of a *Lance*, and ſays, 'tis a barbarous cruel Cuſtom to go to *War*, and kill Men.

Dancing, and the Advantages of it.

After this, the little Boy danc'd, which gave occaſion to *Socrates* to ſay, You ſee this Child who appear'd beautiful enough before, is yet much more ſo now, by his Geſture and Motion, than when he ſtood ſtill. You talk, ſaid *Carmides*, as if you were inclinable to eſteem the Trade of a *Dancing-Maſter*. Without doubt, ſaid *Socrates*, When I obſerve the Uſefulneſs of that Exerciſe, and how the Feet, the Legs, the Neck, and indeed

indeed the whole Body, are all in Action, I believe whoever would have his Body ſupple, eaſy, and healthful, ſhould learn to dance. And in good earneſt, I am reſolv'd to take a Leſſon of the *Syracuſian*, whenever he pleaſes. But 'twas reply'd, When you have learnt to do all this little Boy does, what Advantage can it be to you? I ſhall then dance, ſaid *Socrates*. At which all the Company burſt out a Laughing; but *Socrates*, with a compos'd and ſerious Countenance, Methinks you are pleaſant, ſaid he; What is it tickles you? Is it becauſe Dancing is not a wholſome Exerciſe, or that after it we do not eat and ſleep with more Pleaſure? You know, thoſe who accuſtom themſelves to the long * *Foot-Race*, have generally thick Legs and narrow Shoulders: and, on the contrary, our *Gladiators* and *Wreſtlers* have broad Shoulders and ſmall Legs. Now, inſtead of producing ſuch Effects, the Exerciſe of *Dancing* occaſions in us ſo many various Motions, and agitating all the Members of the Body with ſo equal a Poiſe, renders the

* *Running was a Part of the* Olympick *and other Publick Games; and what is here called the* Dolick, *was the Place where they ran, about the Length of two* Engliſh *Miles.*

the whole of a juſt Proportion, both with regard to Strength and Beauty. What Reaſon then can you find to laugh, when I tell you I deſign to dance? I hope you would not think it decent, for a Man of my Age, to go into a Publick *School*, and unrobe my ſelf before all the Company, to dance; I need not do that, a Parlour like this we are in, will ſerve my Turn. You may ſee, by this little Boy, that one may ſweat as well in a little Room, as an *Academy*, or a *Publick-place*; And in a Winter you may dance in a warm Apartment; in Summer, if the Heat be exceſſive, in the Shade. When I have told you all this, laugh on, if you pleaſe, at my ſaying, I deſign to dance. Beſides, you know I have a Belly ſomething larger than I could wiſh; and are you ſurpriz'd, if I endeavour to bring it down by Exerciſe? Have you not heard, that *Carmides*, the other Morning, when he came to viſit me, found me dancing? Very true, ſaid *Carmides*, and I was extreamly ſurpriz'd, and afraid you had loſt your Senſes: But when you had

had given me the ſame Reaſons you have now, I went back to my Houſe, and, tho I cannot dance, I began to move my Hands and Legs, and practiſe over ſome Leſſons, which I remember'd ſomething of, when I was young.

Faith, ſaid *Philip* to *Socrates*, I believe your Thighs and Shoulders are exactly of the ſame Weight, ſo that if you put One into one Scale, and the Other into the other, as the Civil *Magiſtrate* weighs Bread in the *Market-place*, you'll not be in Danger of being forfeited, for there is not an Ounce, no not a Grain Difference between 'em. Well then, ſaid *Callias*, when you have an Inclination for a Leſſon of Dancing, *Socrates*, pray call upon me, that we may learn together. With all my Heart, anſwer'd *Socrates*. And I could wiſh, ſaid *Philip*, that ſome one would take the *Flute*, and let *Socrates* and me dance before this good Company; for methinks I have a mighty Mind that way. With that he jumpt up, and took two or three Friſks round the Hall, in Imitation of the dancing Boy

and Girl. Upon which every body took Notice, that all thoſe Geſtures or Motions, that were ſo beautiful and eaſy in the little Boy, appear'd awkward and ridiculous in *Philip*: and when the little Girl bending backwards, touch'd her Heels with her Head, and flung her ſelf ſwiftly round three or four times, like a Wheel, *Philip* would needs do the ſame, but in a manner very different; for bending himſelf forward, and endeavouring to turn round, you may imagine with what Succeſs he came off. Afterwards, when every one prais'd the Child, for keeping her whole Body in the exacteſt and moſt regular Motion in the Dance, *Philip* bad the Muſick ſtrike up a briſker *Tune*, and began to move his Head, his Arms, and his Heels, all at once, till he could hold out no longer: Then throwing himſelf on the Couch, he cry'd out, I have exercis'd my ſelf ſo thoroughly, that I have already one good Effect of it, I am plaguy thirſty. Boy, bring the great Glaſs that ſtands on the Side-board, and fill it up to me, for I muſt drink.

Very

Very well, ſaid *Callias*, the whole Company ſhall drink, if you pleaſe Maſter *Philip*, for we are thirſty too, with laughing at you. It's my Opinion too, ſaid *Socrates*, that we drink; Wine moiſtens and tempers the Spirits, and lulls the Cares of the Mind to Reſt, as Opium does the Body. On the other hand, it revives our Joys, and is Oil to the dying Flame of Life. 'Tis with our Bodies, as with Seeds ſown in the Earth, when they are over-water'd, they cannot ſhoot forth, and are unable to penetrate the Surface of the Ground: But when they have juſt ſo much Moiſture as is requiſite, we may behold 'em break thro' the Clod with Vigor; and puſhing boldly upwards, produce their Flowers, and then their Fruits. 'Tis much the ſame thing with us, if we drink too much, the whole Man is delug'd, his Spirits are overwhelm'd, and is ſo far from being able to talk reaſonably, or indeed to talk at all, that 'tis with the utmoſt Pain he draws his Breath. But if we drink temperately, and ſmall Draughts at a time,

That a Man ought to drink ſmall Glaſſes.

the Wine diſtils upon our Lungs like ſweeteſt Morning Dew (to uſe the Words of that noble Orator *Gorgias*). It's then the Wine commits no Rape upon our Reaſon, but pleaſantly invites us to agreeable Mirth. Every one was of his Opinion, and *Philip* ſaid he had ſomething to offer, which was this, Your Servants, ſaid he, that wait at the *Side-board* ſhould imitate good Coachmen, who are never eſteem'd ſuch, till they can turn dexterouſly and quick. The Advice was immediately put in Practice, and the Servants went round, and fill'd every Man his Glaſs.

Then the little Boy tuning his *Guitar* to the *Flute*, ſung and play'd at the ſame time; which gave mighty Satisfaction to all the Company. Upon this *Carmides* ſpoke, What *Socrates*, ſaid he, juſt now offer'd, about the Effects of Wine, may, in my Opinion, with little Difference, be apply'd to *Muſick* and *Beauty*, eſpecially when they are found together: For I begin, in good earneſt, to be ſenſible, that this fine Mixture buries Sorrow, and is at the ſame time

time the Parent of *Love*. Whereupon *Socrates* took Occaſion to ſay, If theſe People are thus capable of diverting us, I am well aſſur'd, we are now capable our ſelves, and I believe no body here doubts it. In my Judgment, it would be ſhameful for us, now we are met together, not to endeavour to benefit one another, by ſome agreeable or ſerious Entertainment. What ſay you, Gentlemen? They generally reply'd, Begin then the Diſcourſe, from which we are to hope ſo good an Effect. I hope, ſaid *Socrates*, to obtain that Favour of *Callias*, if he would but give us a Taſte of thoſe fine Things he learnt of *Prodicus*: You know, he promis'd us this, when we came to ſup with him. With all my heart, ſaid *Callias*, I am willing, but on Condition, that you will all pleaſe to contribute to the Converſation, and every one tell, in his Turn, what it is he values himſelf moſt upon. Be it ſo, ſaid *Socrates*. I will tell you then (added *Callias*) what I eſteem moſt, and value my ſelf chiefly upon; it is this,

That I have it in my Power to make Men better. How ſo, ſaid *Antiſthenes*, will you teach 'em to become Rich or Honeſt. Juſtice is Honeſty, reply'd *Callias*. You are in the right, ſaid *Antiſthenes*, I don't diſpute it; for tho' there are ſome Occaſions, when even Courage or Wiſdom may be hurtful to one's Friends or the *Government*, yet *Juſtice* is ever the ſame, and can never mix with Diſhoneſty. When therefore every one of us, ſays *Callias*, has told wherein he chiefly values himſelf, and is moſt uſeful to others, I ſhall then likewiſe make no ſcruple to tell you, by what Arts I am able to perform what I told you; that is, to make Men *better*.

Soc. But, *Niceratus*, What is the thing that you value your ſelf moſt upon.

* Niceratus here repreſents a true Pedant.

* *Nic.* 'Tis that my Father deſigning to make a virtuous Man of me, ordered me to get by heart every *Verſe* of *Homer*: And I believe I can repeat you at this Minute the whole *Iliad* and *Odyſſes*. But you know

know very well, ſaid *Antiſthenes*, every *Publick* * *Rehearſer*, or *Ballad-ſinger* does the ſame at all the Corners of the Streets. I acknowledge it, ſaid *Nicerates*, nor does a Day paſs but I go to hear them.

* *Theſe were People who got their Livelihood by ſinging* Homer's *Verſes about the Streets of* Athens.

Ant. I think 'em a Pack of ſcandalous Wretches. What ſay you?

Nic. I am of your Opinion.

Soc. 'Tis certain, they don't know the Senſe of one *Verſe* they recite: But you † who have given ſo much Money to *Heſimbrotus*, *Anaximander*, and other wiſe Men, to inſtruct you in Wiſdom, you can't be ignorant of any thing.

† *This is ſpoke in Railery.*

Now 'tis your Turn, *Critobulus*, continu'd *Socrates*: Tell us then, if you pleaſe, what is it you value your ſelf moſt upon? On *Beauty*, reply'd he. But will you ſay, *Socrates*, that yours is ſuch as will help to make us better?

Soc. I underſtand you, but if I don't make that out a-non, then blame me. What ſays *Antiſthenes*? Upon what does he value himſelf?

Ant. I think I can value my ſelf upon nothing in this World equal to that of being rich.

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when *Hermogenes* took him up, and ask'd him how much he was worth? Faith, not one Half-penny, ſaid *Antiſthenes.*

Her. But you have a good Eſtate in Land——.

Ant. I may perhaps have juſt as much as may afford *Duſt* for *Autolicus*, the next time he has a Mind to * *wreſtle.*

* *The Wreſtlers at the publick Games, after they had rub'd themſelves with Oils, they had Duſt thrown upon them, to dry it up.*

Soc. Carmides, Will you, in few Words, acquaint us, what it is you value your ſelf moſt upon.

Car. Poverty.

Soc. Very well; You have made an excellent Choice: It's indeed in it ſelf of an admirable Nature; no body will be your Rival; you may preſerve it without Care, and even Negligence is its Security. Theſe are not ſmall Reaſons, you ſee.

Callias. But ſince you have ask'd the whole Company, may we not enquire of you, *Socrates*, what it is you value your ſelf upon?

When

When *Socrates* putting on a very grave and ſolemn Air, anſwer'd, coldly, and without Heſitation, I value my ſelf upon * *Procuring*. The Gravity of the Speaker, and the Manner of ſpeaking a Word ſo little expected from *Socrates*, ſet the whole Company a laughing. Very well, Gentlemen, ſaid he, I am glad you are pleas'd, but I am very certain, this Profeſſion of mine, if I apply my ſelf cloſely to it, will bring in Money enough, if I pleas'd.

* *I cannot find a ſofter Word in* Engliſh *for the* Greek *here.* Socrates *explains himſelf afterwards.*

When *Lycon* pointing to *Philip*, Well, what ſay you? You, I ſuppoſe, value your ſelf upon making Men laugh? Yes certainly, ſaid *Philip*, and have I not more Reaſon to be proud of my ſelf for this, than that fine Spark, *Callipides*, who is ſo fond, you know, of making his Audience weep, when he recites his Verſes in the *Theatre*? But, *Lycon*, ſaid *Antiſthenes*, let us know what it is you value your ſelf moſt upon? What gives you greateſt Content? You know very well, anſwer'd he, what I eſteem the moſt, and which gives me the greateſt Pleaſure, It's to be the

the Father of ſuch a Son as *Autolicus*.

And for your Son, ſaid ſome of the Company, he, no queſtion, values himſelf moſt upon carrying the Prize t'other Day, at the *Olympick* Games. Not ſo, I aſſure you, ſaid *Autolicus*, bluſhing. And then the whole Company turning their Eyes with Pleaſure towards him, one of them ask'd him, What is it then, *Autolicus*, you value your ſelf moſt upon? 'Tis, reply'd he, that I am the Son of ſuch a Father; and at the ſame time turn'd himſelf lovingly towards him for a Kiſs. *Callias*, who obſerv'd it, ſaid to *Lycon*, Don't you know your ſelf to be the richeſt Man in the World? I can't tell that, reply'd *Lycon*: And yet 'tis true, ſaid *Callias*, for you would not change this Son of yours for the Wealth of *Perſia*.

Lycon. Be it ſo, I am then the richeſt Man in the World, nor will I contradict your Opinion.

Then *Niceratus* addreſſing himſelf to *Hermogenes*, What is it, ſaid he, that you value your ſelf moſt upon? On *Vertue*, anſwer'd he, and the

Power

Power of my *Friends:* And that with theſe two Advantages, I have yet the good Fortune to be belov'd by theſe *Friends.*

Then every one looking upon him, began to enquire, who were his Friends? I will ſatisfy you, ſaid he, as you ſhall ſee, when it comes to my turn.

Then *Socrates* reſum'd the Diſcourſe; Now you have all (ſaid he) declar'd your Opinions, as to what you value your ſelves moſt upon, it remains, that you prove it. Let us now then hear every Mans Reaſons, if you pleaſe, for his Opinion.

Hear me firſt then (ſaid *Callias*) for tho' you have all been long enquiring what *Juſtice* is, I alone have found the Secret to make Men *juſt* and *honeſt.*

Soc. How ſo?

Call. By giving 'em Money.

At theſe Words, *Antiſthenes* riſing up, ask'd him, haſtily, Is *Juſtice* to be found in the *Heart*, or the *Pocket?*

Call. In the Heart.

Ant. And wou'd you then make us believe, that by filling a Bag with *Money*, you can make the Heart *Honeſt* or *Juſt*?

Call. Moſt aſſuredly.

Ant. How?

Call. Becauſe when they have all things neceſſary for Life, they will not, for the World, run any Hazard by committing evil Actions.

Ant. But do they repay you again, what they receive of you?

Call. Not at all.

Ant. Nothing but Gratitude, I hope, good *Thanks* for good *Money*.

Call. Not that neither: for I can tell you ſomething you will hardly believe; I have found ſome People of ſo evil a Nature, that they love me leſs, for Receiving Benefits from me. Then *Antiſthenes* reply'd briskly,

Ant. That is wonderful, you make Men *Juſt* and *Honeſt* to others, and they prove *Unjuſt* and *Diſhoneſt* only to You?

Call. Not ſo wonderful neither! Have we not *Architects* and *Maſons*, who build Houſes for other Men, and live in hired Lodgings themſelves? Have

Have Patience, my Maſter, ſaid he, (turning to *Socrates*) and I'll prove this, beyond Diſpute. You need not, ſaid *Socrates*, For beſides what you alledge for a Proof, there is another that occurs to me: Do you not ſee there are certain *Diviners*, who pretend to foretell every thing to other People, and are intirely ignorant of what is to happen to themſelves. *Socrates* ſaid no more.

'Tis now my turn to ſpeak, ſaid *Nicerates*; *Hear then what I am going to ſay, Attend to a Converſation which will neceſſarily make you better, and more Polite. You all know, or I am much miſtaken, there is nothing that relates to Human Life, but *Homer* has ſpoke of it. Whoever then wou'd learn *Oeconomy*, *Eloquence*, *Arms*, Whoever wou'd be Maſter of every Qualification that is to be found in *Achilles*, *Ajax*, *Ulyſſes*, or *Neſtor*, Let him but apply himſelf to me, and he ſhall become perfect in 'em, for I am intirely Maſter of all that. Very well, ſaid *Antiſthenes*, You have learnt likewiſe the Art of being a King; for you may remember

* *Here* Nicerates *plays the Pedant indeed, as if to be able to repeat* Homer *was to be truly learn'd.*

ber *Homer* praiſes *Agamemnon* for that He was,

A Noble Warrior, and a Mighty Prince.

Nicer. I learnt too from *Homer*, how a *Coachman* ought to turn at the End of his Carreir. He ought to incline his Body to the Left, and give the Word to the Horſe that's on the Right, and make uſe at the ſame time of a very looſe Rein. I have learnt all this from him, and another *Secret* too, which, if you pleaſe, we will make Trial of immediately: The ſame *Homer* ſays ſomewhere, that an *Onion* reliſhes well with a Bottle. Now let ſome of your Servants bring an *Onion*, and you'll ſee with what Pleaſure you'll drink. I know very well, ſaid *Carmides*, what he means; *Nicerates*, Gentlemen, thinks deeper than you imagine. He would willingly go home with the Scent of an *Onion* in his Mouth, that his Wife may not be jealous or ſuſpect he has been kiſſing abroad. A very good Thought, (ſaid *Socrates*) but perhaps I have one full as whimſical, and

and worthy of him: 'Tis, that an Onion does not only Reliſh Wine, but Victuals too, and gives a higher Seaſoning: But if we ſhould eat 'em now after Supper, they wou'd ſay, we had committed a Debauch at *Callias*'s; No, no, ſaid *Callias*, you can never think ſo; But Onions, they ſay, are very good to prepare People for the Day of Battle, and inſpire Courage; You know they feed Cocks ſo againſt they fight: But our Buſineſs, at preſent, I preſume, is Love, not War, and ſo much for *Onions*.

Beauty and its Advantages.

Then *Critobulus* began; I am now (ſaid he) to give my Reaſons why I value my ſelf ſo much upon my *Beauty*; " If I am not handſom (and I " know very well what I think of " the Matter) you ought all of you " to be accounted Impoſtors, for " without being oblig'd to it upon " Oath, when you were ask'd what " was your Opinion of me, You all " ſwore I was Handſom; and I " thought my ſelf oblig'd to believe " you, being Men of Honour that " ſcorn'd a Lie: If then I am really " handſom, and you feel the ſame

" Plea-

" Pleaſure that I do, when I behold
" another beautiful Perſon, I am rea-
" dy to call all the *Gods* to witneſs,
" That were it in my Choice either
" to Reign King of *Perſia*, or be that
" Beauty, I would quit the Empire
" to preſerve my *Form*. In Truth,
" nothing in this World touches me
" ſo agreeably, as the Sight of *A-*
" *mandra* ; and I could willingly be
" blind to all other Objects, if I
" might but always enjoy the Sight
" of her I ſo tenderly Love.

I curſe my Slumbers, doubly curſe the Night,
That hides the lovely Maid from my deſiring Sight:
But, Oh! I bleſs the chearful God's Return,
And welcome with my Praiſe the ruddy Morn:
Light with the Morn returns, return my Fair,
She is my Light, the Morn reſtores my Dear.

" There is ſomething more in the
" Matter, beſides this, to be conſi-
" der'd.

" der'd. A Perſon that's Vigorous
" and Strong, cannot attain his De-
" ſigns but by his Strength and Vi-
" gour; a Brave Man by his Cou-
" rage; a Scholar by his Learning
" and Converſation: But the *Beau-*
" *tiful* Perſon does all this, without
" any Pains, by being only look'd at.
" I know very well, how ſweet the
" Poſſeſſion of Wealth is, But I wou'd
" ſacrifice all to *Amandra*, and I
" ſhou'd with more Pleaſure give all
" my Eſtate to her, than to receive
" a Thouſand times more from any
" other. I wou'd lay my Liberty at
" her Feet, if ſhe wou'd accept me
" for her Slave; Fatigue would be
" much more agreeable to me, than
" Repoſe, and Dangers than Eaſe,
" if indur'd in the Service of *Aman-*
" *dra*. If then you boaſt your ſelf ſo
" much, *Callias*, that you can make
" Men *honeſter* by your *Wealth*, I
" have much more Reaſon to be-
" lieve, I am able to produce in them
" all ſorts of *Vertue* by the meer
" Force of *Beauty*: For when Beau-
" ty inſpires, it makes its Votaries
" generous and induſtrious; They

" thereby acquire a Noble Thirſt af-
" ter *Glory*, and a Contempt of *Dan-*
" *gers* ; And all this attended with
" an humble and reſpectful Modeſty ;
" which makes them bluſh to ask,
" what they wiſh moſt to poſſeſs.
" I think the *Government* is ſtark
" mad, that they don't chooſe for
" *Generals* the moſt *Beautiful Perſons*
" in the *State* : For my part, I wou'd
" go through Fire, to follow ſuch
" a Commander, and I believe you
" wou'd all do the ſame for me.
" Doubt not then, *Socrates*, but
" *Beauty* may do much Good to Man-
" kind ; Nor does it avail to ſay
" Beauty does ſoon fade ; For there
" is one *Beauty* of a *Child*, another of a
" *Boy*, another of a *Man*. There is
" likewiſe a *Beauty* of *Old Age*, as in
" thoſe who carry the * *Conſecrated*
" *Branches* at the *Feaſt* of *Minerva* ;
" for you know, for that Ceremony
" they make Choice always of the
" handſomeſt *Old Men*. Now if 'tis
" deſirable to obtain without Trou-
" ble what one wiſhes, I am ſatisfy'd
" that without ſpeaking one Word,
" I ſhould ſooner perſwade that *lit-*

" *tle*

* *Theſe were of the Olive-Tree kept ſacred in the Cizacel of Athens, and both Old Men and Old Women carried them by turns.*

" *tle Girl* to kiſs me than any of " You, with all the Arguments you " can uſe, No, not you your ſelf, " *Socrates*, with all the Strength of " your extoll'd Eloquence. Why *Critobulus*, do you give your ſelf this Air of Vanity (ſaid *Socrates*) As if you were handſomer than me? Doubtleſs, reply'd *Critobulus*, If I have not the Advantage of You in *Beauty*, I muſt be uglier than the *Sileni* *, as they are painted by the Poets. (Now *Socrates* had ſome Reſemblance to thoſe *Figures*.)

* *The* Sileni *were the Foſter-Fathers of* Bacchus, *and horridly deform'd.*

Socr. Take notice, if you pleaſe, that this Article of *Beauty* will be ſoon decided anon, after every one has taken his turn to ſpeak; Nor ſhall we call *Paris* to make a Judgment for us, as he did in the Caſe of the *three Goddeſſes* about the *Apple*; And this very young *Girl*, who you wou'd make us believe, had much rather kiſs you, than any of us, ſhe ſhall determine it.

Crit. And why may not *Amandra* be as good a Judge of this Matter?

Soc. Amandra muſt needs have a large Poſſeſſion of your Heart, ſeeing

by your Good Will, you wou'd never name any other Name but hers.

Crit. True, and yet when I don't ſpeak of her, do you think, ſhe lives not in my Memory. I aſſure you, if I were a *Painter* or a *Statuary*, I cou'd draw her *Picture* or *Statue* by the *Idea* of her in my Mind, as well as if ſhe were to ſit to it.

Socr. Since then you have her Image in your Heart, and that Image reſembles her ſo ſtrongly, why is it that you importune me continually to carry you to Places, where you are ſure to meet her?

Crit. 'Tis becauſe the Sight of *Amandra* only gives me real Joy.

Th' Idæa does no ſolid Pleaſure give,
She muſt within my Sight, as well as,
Fancy, *live.*

Hermogenes interrupted the Diſcourſe, and addreſſing himſelf to *Socrates*, ſaid, You ought not to abandon *Critobulus* in the Condition he is in, for the violent Tranſport and Fury of his Paſſion makes me uneaſy for him, and I know not where it may end.

Socr.

Socr. What? Do you think he is become thus only ſince He was acquainted with me? You are mightily deceiv'd; for I can aſſure you this Fire has been kindled ever ſince they were Children. *Critobulus*'s Father having obſerv'd it, beg'd of me that I wou'd take care of his Son, and endeavour, if I cou'd, by all means, to cure him of it. He is better now; Things were worſe formerly: For I have ſeen when *Amandra* appear'd in Company, *Critobulus*, poor Creature, wou'd ſtand as one ſtrook dead, without Motion, and his Eyes ſo fix'd upon her, as if he had beheld *Meduſa*'s Head, inſomuch that 'twas impoſſible almoſt for me to bring him to himſelf.

I remember one Day after certain Amorous Glances (this is between our ſelves only) he ran up to her and kiſs'd her; and Heaven knows, nothing gives more Fuel to the Fire of *Love* than Kiſſes. For this Pleaſure is not like others, which either leſſen or vaniſh in the Injoyment; On the contrary, it gathers Strength the more it's repeated; and flattering *Of Kiſſing.*

our Souls with ſweet and favourable Hopes, bewitches our Minds with a thouſand beautiful Images. Thence it may be that to *Love* and to *Kiſs* are frequently expreſs'd by the ſame Word in the Greek: And it's for that Reaſon, I think, He that wou'd preſerve the Liberty of his Soul, ſhou'd abſtain from Kiſſing handſom People. What then, ſaid *Carmides*, muſt I be afraid of coming near a handſom Woman? Nevertheleſs, I remember very well, and I believe you do ſo too, *Socrates*, That being one Day in Company with *Critobulus*'s beautiful Siſter, who reſembles him ſo much, as we were ſearching together for a Paſſage in ſome Author, you held your Head very cloſe to that Beautiful Virgin; and I thought you ſeem'd to take Pleaſure in touching her Naked Shoulder with yours. Good God, reply'd *Socrates*, I will tell you truly, how I was puniſh'd for it for five Days after; I thought I felt in my Shoulder a certain tickling Pain, as if I had been bit by Gnats, or prick'd with Nettles; and I muſt confeſs too, that during all

all that time I felt a certain, hitherto unknown, Pain at my Heart. But *Critobulus*, take notice what I am going to tell you before this Good Company; It is, That I would not have you come too near me, till you have as many Hairs upon your Chin as your Head, for Fear you put me in Mind of your handſom Siſter.

Thus the Converſation between theſe Gentlemen was ſometimes ſerious, ſometimes in Railery. After this, *Callias* took up the Diſcourſe; It's your turn now (ſays he) *Carmides*, to tell us what Reaſons you have for valuing your ſelf ſo much upon * *Poverty*: I will, reply'd *Carmides*, and without Delay. " Is any thing " more certain, than that it's better " to be Brave than a Coward, a " Freeman than a Slave, to be Cre- " dited than Diſtruſted, to be In- " quir'd after for your Converſation, " than to Court others for theirs? " Theſe things I believe may be " granted me without much Diffi- " culty: Now when I was *Rich*, I " was in continual Fear of having " my Houſe broken by Thieves, and

* The Advantages of Poverty.

" my Money ſtole, or my Throat
" cut upon the account of it. Be-
" ſides all this, I was forc'd to keep
" in Fee with ſome of theſe *Petty-*
" *fogging* Raſcals, that retain to the
" *Law*, who ſwarm all over the
" Town like ſo many Locuſts. This
" I was forc'd to do, becauſe they
" were always in a Condition to
" hurt me; And I had no way to
" Retalliate upon them. Then I
" was oblig'd to bear *Publick Offices*
" at my own Charges, and to pay
" Taxes; Nor was it permitted me,
" to go abroad to Travel, to avoid
" that Expence. But now that my
" *Eſtate*, which I had without the
" *Frontiers* of our Republick, is all
" gone, and my Land in *Attica*
" brings me in no Rent, and all
" my Houſhold-Goods are expos'd
" to Sale, I ſleep wonderfully ſound,
" and ſtretch'd upon my Bed as one
" altogether fearleſs of *Officers*. The
" *Government* is now no more jea-
" lous of me, nor I of it; Thieves
" fright me not, and I my ſelf af-
" fright others. I travel abroad when
" I pleaſe; and when I pleaſe, I ſtay

" at

" at *Athens*. What is to be free, " if this is not? Beſides, Rich Men " pay Reſpect to me; they run from " me, to leave me the Chair, or to " give me the Wall. In a word, " I am now perfectly a *King*; I was " then perfectly a *Slave*. I have " yet another Advantage from my " Poverty: I then paid *Tribute* to " the *Republick*: Now the *Republick* " pays *Tribute* to me; for it main- " tains me. Then every one ſnarl'd " at me, becauſe I was often with " *Socrates*: Now that I am *Poor*, I " may converſe with *him*, or any o- " ther I pleaſe, without any body's " being uneaſy at it. I have yet a- " nother Satisfaction; In the Days " of my *Eſtate*, either the *Govern-* " *ment* or my ill Fortune were con- " tinually clipping it: Now that's " all gone, 'tis impoſſible to get any " thing of me; He that has nothing, " can loſe nothing. And I have " the continual Pleaſure, of hoping " to be worth ſomething again, one " time or other.

Don't you pray heartily againſt *Riches*, ſays *Callias*? And if you ſhould

ſhould happen to dream you were *Rich*, would you not ſacrifice to the *Gods*, to avert the ill *Omen* ? No, no, reply'd *Carmides* : But when any flattering Hope preſents, I wait patiently for the Succeſs. Then *Socrates* turning to *Antiſthenes* ; And what Reaſon have you, ſaid he, who have very little, or no Money, to value your ſelf upon * *Wealth*.

* *Of true Riches.*

Ant. " Becauſe I am of Opinion, " Gentlemen, That *Poverty* and " *Wealth* are not in the *Coffers* of " thoſe we call *Rich* or *Poor*, but in " the *Heart* only : For I ſee Num- " bers of very *Rich* Men, who be- " lieve themſelves *Poor* ; nor is there " any Peril or Labour they won't " expoſe themſelves to, to acquire " more Wealth. I knew two Bro- " thers, t'other Day, who ſhar'd e- " qually their Father's Eſtate. The " Firſt had enough, and ſomething " to ſpare ; the Other wanted eve- " ry thing. I have heard likewiſe " of ſome Princes ſo greedy of " *Wealth*, that they were more no- " toriouſly criminal in the Search of " it, than private Men ; for tho' the " lat-

" latter may ſometimes ſteal, break
" Houſes, and ſell free Perſons to
" Slavery, to ſupport the Neceſſities
" of Life; yet thoſe do much worſe:
" They ravage whole Countries, put
" Nations to the Sword, enſlave *Free*
" *States*; and all this for the ſake of
" Money, and to fill the Coffers of
" their *Treaſury*. The Truth is, I
" have a great deal of Compaſſion
" for theſe Men, when I conſider the
" Diſtemper that afflicts them. Is
" it not an unhappy Condition, to
" have a great deal to eat, to eat a
" great deal; and yet never be ſatiſ-
" fy'd? For my part, tho' I confeſs I
" have no Money at home, yet I want
" none; becauſe I never eat but juſt
" as much as will ſatisfy my Hun-
" ger; nor drink, but to quench
" my Thirſt. I cloath my ſelf in
" ſuch manner, that I am as warm
" abroad as *Callias*, with all his
" great Abundance. And when I
" am at home, the Floor and the
" Wall, without Matts or Tapi-
" ſtry, make my Chamber warm
" enough for me. And as for my
" Bed, ſuch as it is, I find it more

" dif-

" difficult to awake, than to fall a-
" ſleep in it. If at any time a na-
" tural Neceſſity, requires me to
" converſe with Women, I part
" with them as well ſatisfy'd as ano-
" ther. For thoſe to whom I make
" my Addreſſes, having not much
" Practice elſewhere, are as fond of
" me as if I were a Prince. But
" don't miſtake me, Gentlemen, for
" governing my Paſſion in this as in
" other Things: I am ſo far from
" deſiring to have more Pleaſure in
" the Enjoyment, that I wiſh it
" leſs; becauſe, upon due Conſide-
" ration, I find thoſe Pleaſures that
" touch us in the moſt ſenſible
" manner, deſerve not to be eſteem-
" ed the moſt worthy of us. But
" obſerve the chief Advantage I
" reap from my *Poverty*; It is, That
" in caſe the Little I have, ſhould be
" taken entirely from me, there is no
" Occupation ſo poor, no Employ-
" ment in Life ſo barren, but would
" maintain me, without the leaſt
" Uneaſineſs, and afford me a Din-
" ner, without any Trouble. For
" if I have an Inclination at any
" time

" time to regale my ſelf, and indulge
" my Appetite, I can do it eaſily;
" 'Tis but going to Market, not to
" buy Dainties (they are too dear)
" but my Temperance gives that
" Quality to the moſt common Food;
" and by that means, the Contented-
" neſs of my Mind ſupplies me with
" Delicacies, that are wanting in
" the Meat it ſelf. Now 'tis not the
" exceſſive Price of what we eat that
" gives it a Reliſh; but 'tis Neceſſi-
" ty and Appetite. Of this I have
" Experience juſt now, while I am
" ſpeaking; for this Generous Wine
" of *Thaſos* *, that I am now drink-
" ing, The exquiſite Flavor of it is
" the occaſion that I drink it now
" without Thirſt, and conſequently
" without Pleaſure. Beſides all this,
" I find 'tis neceſſary to live thus, in
" order to live *honeſtly*. For he
" that is content with what he has,
" will never covet what's his Neigh-
" bour's. Further, 'Tis certain, the
" *Wealth* I am ſpeaking of, makes
" Men liberal: For *Socrates*, from
" whom I have all *mine*, never
" gave it me by Number or Weight;

" but

* *The nobleſt Vines that grow in one of the* Grecian *Iſlands.*

" but whenever I was willing to
" receive, he loads me always with
" as much as I can carry. I do the
" ſame by my Friends; I never con-
" ceal my Plenty. On the contra-
" ry, I ſhow 'em all I have, and at
" the ſame time I let 'em ſhare with
" me. It's from this likewiſe, I am
" become Maſter of one of the moſt
" delightful things in the World;
" I mean, that ſoft and charming
" *Leiſure*, that permits me to ſee e-
" very thing that's worthy to be
" ſeen; and to hear every thing
" that is worthy to be heard. It is,
" in one word, that which affords
" me the Happineſs of hearing *So-*
" *crates* from Morning to Night;
" for he having no great Veneratio-
" on for thoſe, that can only count
" vaſt Sums of Gold and Silver, con-
" verſes only with them who he
" finds are agreeable to him, and
" deſerve his Company. Truly,
ſaid *Callias*, I admire you, and theſe your excellent *Riches*, for two Reaſons: Firſt, that thereby you are no Slave to the *Government*: And, Secondly, That no Body can take it

ill

ill you don't lend 'em Money. Pray don't admire him for the laſt, ſaid *Nicerates* *; for I am about to borrow of him what he moſt values; that is, to *need Nothing*; for by reading *Homer*, and eſpecially that Paſſage, where he ſays,

* Nicerates *was both very rich and very covetous, being the Son of* Nicias, *whoſe Life is writ by* Plutarch.

Ten Golden Talents, ſeven three-leg'd Stools,
Juſt Twenty Ciſterns, and Twelve charging Steeds.

I have ſo accuſtom'd my ſelf, from this Paſſage, to be always upon Numbering and Weighing, that I begin to fear I ſhall be taken for a *Miſer*. Upon this they all laugh'd heartily; for there was no body there, but believ'd *Nicerates* ſpoke what he really thought, and what were his real Inclinations.

After this, One ſpoke to *Hermogenes*, 'Tis yours now (ſaid he) to tell us * who are your *Friends*; and make it appear, that if they have much *Power*, they have equal Will to ſerve you with it; and conſequently, that you have reaſon to value your ſelf upon 'em. *Her-*

* *Piety.*

† *This is one of the nobleſt Periods in all Antiquity.*

Hermog. " † There is one Thing, " Gentlemen, univerſally receiv'd, a- " mong *Barbarians* as well as *Greeks*; " and that is, That the Gods know " both the *Preſent*, and what is to " *Come*: And for that reaſon they " are conſulted and apply'd to by " all Mankind, with Sacrifices, to " know of 'em what they ought to " do. This ſuppoſes, that they " have the Power to do us *Good* or " *Evil*; otherwiſe why ſhould we " pray to 'em, to be deliver'd from " Evils that threaten us, or to " grant us the Good we ſtand in " need of? Now theſe very *Gods*, " who are both *All-ſeeing* and *All-* " *powerful*, they are ſo much my " *Friends*, and have ſo peculiar a " Care of me, that be it Night, be " it Day, whether I go any where, " or take any thing in hand, they " have me ever in their View, and " under their Protection, and never " loſe me out of their Sight. " They fore-know all the Events, " and all the Thoughts and Actions " of us *poor* Mortals: They fore- " warn us by ſome ſecret Preſcience

" impreſs'd

" impreſs'd on our Minds, or by ſome
" good *Angel* or *Dream*, what we
" ought to avoid, and what we ought
" to do. For my part, I have never
" had occaſion yet to repent theſe
" *ſecret Impulſes* given me by the
" Gods, but have been often puni-
" ſhed for neglecting them. There
" is nothing in what you have ſaid,
" added *Socrates*, that ſhould look
" incredible: But I would willingly
" hear, by what Services you oblige
" the Gods to be ſo much your
" Friends, and to love and take all
" this Care of you? That's done ve-
" ry cheap, and at little or no Ex-
" pence, reply'd *Hermogenes*, for the
" Praiſes I give 'em, coſt me no-
" thing. If I ſacrifice to 'em after
" I have receiv'd a Bleſſing from
" 'em, that very Sacrifice is at their
" own Charge. I return them
" Thanks on all Occaſions; and if at
" any time I call 'em to witneſs, 'tis
" never to a Lie, or againſt my Con-
" ſcience. Truly, ſaid *Socrates*, if
" ſuch Men as you have the *Gods*
" for their *Friends*, and I am ſure
" they have, 'tis certain, thoſe *Gods*

" take Pleaſure in good Actions, and " the Practice of Vertue.

Here ended their ſerious Entertainment. What follow'd, was of another kind; for all of 'em turning to *Philip*, ask'd him, What it was he found ſo very valuable in his Profeſſion? Have I not Reaſon to be proud of my *Trade* (ſaid he) all the World knowing me to be a *Buffoon*? If any good Fortune happens to 'em, they chearfully invite me: But when any Misfortune comes, they avoid me like the Plague, leſt I ſhould make 'em laugh in ſpite of themſelves. *Nicerates* interrupting him, You have Reaſon indeed, ſaid he, to boaſt of your Profeſſion, for 'tis quite otherwiſe with me. When my Friends have no Occaſion for me, they avoid me like the Plague; but in Misfortunes they are ever about me, and by a forg'd Genealogy, will needs claim Kindred with me, and at the ſame time carry my Family up as high as the Gods. Very well, ſaid *Carmides*, now to the reſt of the Company.

Well,

Well, Mr. *Syracuſian*, What is it gives you the greateſt Satisfaction, or that you value your ſelf moſt upon? I ſuppoſe, 'tis that pretty little Girl of yours. Quite contrary, ſays he, I have much more Pain than Pleaſure upon her Account. I am in conſtant Apprehenſion and Fear, when I ſee certain People ſo buſy about her, and trying all inſinuating ways to * ruin her. Good God, ſaid *Socrates*, What Wrong could they pretend to have receiv'd from that poor young Creature, to do her a Miſchief? Would they kill her?

* *The Word in the Original ſignifies, to kill, to ruin, or to corrupt.*

Syr. I don't ſpeak of killing; you don't take me, They would willingly get to Bed to her.

Socr. Suppoſe it were ſo; Why muſt the Girl be ruin'd therefore?

Syr. Ay, doubtleſs.

Socr. Don't you lie in Bed with her your ſelf.

Syr. Moſt certainly, all Night long.

Socr. By *Juno*, thou art a happy Fellow, to be the only Man in the World that don't ruin thoſe you lie with. Well then, according to your

Account, what you are proudeſt of, muſt be, that you are ſo wholſome and ſo harmleſs a Bed-fellow?

Syr. But you're miſtaken; it's not her I value my ſelf for neither.

Socr. What then?

Syr. That there are ſo many *Fools* in the World. For 'tis theſe kind of Gentlemen who come to ſee my Children dance and ſing, that ſupply me with the Neceſſaries of Life, which otherwiſe I might want.

I ſuppoſe then, ſaid *Philip*, That was the Meaning of your *Prayer* you made the other day before the *Altar*, when you ask'd the Gods, that there might be Plenty of every thing in this World, where-ever you came, but of Judgment and good Senſe?

Immortal Beings, grant my humble Prayer;
Give Athens *all the Bleſſings you can ſpare;*
Let 'em abound in Plenty, Peace, and Pence,
But never let 'em want a Dearth *of* Senſe.

All

All is well hitherto, ſaid *Callias*: But, *Socrates*, what Reaſon have you to make us believe you are fond of the Profeſſion you attributed to your ſelf juſt now; for really I take it for a ſcandalous One?

Socrates explains what he meant by his Aſſertion, of valuing himſelf on the Trade of a Procurer.

Soc. Firſt, Let us underſtand one another; and know in few Words, what this *Artiſt* is properly to do, whoſe very Name has made you ſo merry. But, to be brief, Let us, in ſhort, fix upon ſome one thing, that we may all agree in. Shall it be ſo? *Doubtleſs*, anſwer'd all the Company. And during the Thred of his Diſcourſe, they made him no other Anſwer, but *Doubtleſs*. Having began ſo, * Is it not certainly true, ſaid *Socrates*, that the Buſineſs of an *Artiſt* of that kind, is to manage ſo, as that the Perſon they introduce be perfectly agreeable to one that employs him? *Doubtleſs*, they reply'd. Is it not certain too, that a good Face, and fine Cloaths, does mightily contribute towards the making ſuch a Perſon agreeable? *Doubtleſs*. Do you not obſerve, that the

* *It was a great Advantage that Socrates had in Converſation, that his Arguments were generally by way of Interrogation; by which he argued from the Conceſſions that were made him, what he deſign'd to prove.*

the Eyes of the ſame Perſon look, at ſome times, full of Pleaſure and Kindneſs; and at other times, with an Air of Averſion and Scorn? *Doubtleſs.* What, Does not the ſame Voice ſometimes expreſs it ſelf with Modeſty and Sweetneſs, and ſometimes with Anger and Fierceneſs? *Doubtleſs.* Are there not ſome Diſcourſes that naturally beget Hatred and Averſion; and others, that conciliate Love and Affection? *Doubtleſs.* If then this *Artiſt* be excellent in his Profeſſion, ought he not to inſtruct thoſe that are under his Direction, which way to make themſelves agreeable to others, in all theſe things I have mention'd? *Doubtleſs.* But who is moſt to be valu'd? He who renders 'em agreeable to one Perſon only, or he that renders them agreeable to *many*? Are you not for the laſt? Some of 'em anſwer'd him as before, with *Doubtleſs*; and the reſt ſaid, it was very plain, that it was much better to pleaſe a great many, than a few. That's very well, ſaid *Socrates*; We agree upon every Head hitherto: But what if the Perſon

ſon we are ſpeaking of, can inſtruct his Pupil to gain the Hearts of a whole *State?* Will not you ſay, he is excellent in his Art? This they all agreed was clear. And if he can raiſe his Scholars to ſuch Perfection, has he not reaſon to be proud of his Profeſſion? And deſerves he not to receive a handſom Reward? Every one anſwer'd, It was their Opinion he did. Now, ſaid *Socrates*, If there is ſuch a Man to be found in the World, 'tis *Antiſthenes*, or I am miſtaken.

Ant. How, *Socrates!* Will you make me one of your ſcurvy Profeſſion?

Socr. Certainly, for I know you are perfectly skill'd in what may properly be call'd an *Appendix* to it.

Ant. What is that?

Socr. Bringing People together.

To this *Antiſthenes*, with ſome Concern, reply'd, Did you ever know me guilty of a thing of this kind?

Socr. Yes, but keep your Temper. You procur'd *Callias* for *Prodicus*, finding the one was in Love with

Philoſophy, and the other in Want of Money. You did the ſame before, in procuring *Callias* for *Hippias*, who taught him the Art of Memory, and he is become ſuch a Proficient, that he is more amorous now than ever; for every Woman he ſees, that's tolerable handſom, he can never forget her, ſo perfectly has he learnt of *Hippias* the Art of Memory. You have done yet more than this, *Antiſthenes*; for lately praiſing a Friend of yours, of *Heraclea*, to me, it gave me a great Deſire to be acquainted with him. At the ſame time, you prais'd me to him, which occaſion'd his Deſire to be acquainted with me; for which I am mightily oblig'd to you, for I find him a very worthy Man. Praiſing likewiſe in the ſame manner *Eſquilius* to me, and me to him, did not your Diſcourſe inflame us both with ſuch mutual Affection, that we ſearch'd every Day for one another with the utmoſt Impatience, till we came acquainted? Now having obſerv'd you capable of bringing about ſuch deſirable things, had not I reaſon to ſay, you are an excellent

cellent *Bringer of People together?* I know very well, that one who is capable of being uſeful to his Friend, in fomenting mutual Friendſhip and Love between that Friend and another, he knows to be worthy of him, is likewiſe capable of begetting the ſame Diſpoſition between *Towns* and *States*: He is able to make *State-Marriages*; nor has our *Republick*, or our *Allies*, a Subject that may be more uſeful to them. And yet you were angry with me, as if I had affronted you, when I ſaid you were Maſter of this *Art*.

Ant. That is true, *Socrates*; but my Anger is now over, and were I really what you ſay I am, I muſt have a Soul incomparably rich.

Now you have heard in what manner every one ſpoke, when *Callias* began again, and ſaid to *Critobulus*, Will you not then venture into the Liſts with *Socrates*, and diſpute *Beauty* with him.

Soc. I believe not; for he knows my *Art* gives me ſome Intereſt with the Judges.

Crit.

Critob. Come, I will not refuſe to enter the Liſts, for once, with you; Pray then uſe all your Eloquence, and let us know, how you prove your ſelf to be handſomer than me.

Deſcription of Socrates's Perſon.

Socr. That ſhall be done preſently; bring but a Light, and the thing's done.

Crit. But in order to ſtate the Queſtion well, you'll give me leave to ask a few Queſtions.

Socr. I will.

Crit. But, on ſecond Thoughts, I'll give you leave to ask what Queſtions you pleaſe firſt.

Socr. Agreed. Do you believe *Beauty* is no where to be found, but in Man.

Crit. Yes certainly in other Creatures too, whether Animate, as a Horſe or Bull, or Inanimate Things, as we ſay, that is a handſom Sword, or a fine Shield, *&c.*

Socr. But how comes it then, that Things ſo very different as theſe, ſhould yet all of 'em be handſom?

Crit. Becauſe they are well made, either by Art or Natute, for the Purpoſes they are employ'd in.

Socr.

Socr. Do you know the Uſe of *Eyes?*

Crit. To ſee.

Soc. Well! 'Tis for that very Reaſon mine are handſomer than yours.

Crit. Your Reaſon?

Socr. Yours ſee only in a direct Line; but as for mine, I can look not only directly forward, as you, but ſideways too, they being ſeated on a kind of Ridge on my Face, and ſtaring out.

Crit. At that rate, a *Crab* has the Advantage of all other Animals in Matter of *Eyes.*

Socr. Certainly: For their's are incomparably more ſolid, and better ſituated than any other Creature's.

Crit. Be it ſo as to Eyes: But as to your *Noſe*, would you make me believe that yours is better ſhap'd than mine?

Socr. There's no Room for Doubt, if it be granted, that *God* made the *Noſe* for the Senſe of Smelling; for your Noſtrils are turned downward, but mine are wide, and turn'd up towards Heaven, to receive Smells that

that come from every part, whither from above or below.

Crit. What! Is a ſhort flat Noſe then more beautiful than another.

Soc. Certainly; Becauſe being ſuch, It never hinders the Sight of both Eyes at once; Whereas a high Noſe parts the Eyes ſo much by its Riſing, that it hinders their ſeeing both of them in a direct Line.

Crit. As to your *Mouth*, I grant it you, for if God has given us a Mouth to eat with, 'tis certain yours will Receive and Chew, as much at once as Mine at thrice.

Socr. Don't you believe too, that my Kiſſes are more luſcious and ſweet, than yours, having my *Lips* ſo thick and large?

Crit. According to your Reckoning then, an *Aſſes* Lips are more beautiful than mine.

Soc. And laſtly, I muſt excel you in *Beauty* for this Reaſon; The *Naiades*, notwithſtanding they are Sea-Goddeſſes, are ſaid to have brought forth the *Sileni*; And ſure, I am much more like them, than you can pretend to be. What ſay you to that?

Crit.

Crit. I ſay 'tis impoſſible to hold a Diſpute with you, *Socrates*; And therefore let us determine this Point by *Ballotting*, and ſo we ſhall know preſently who has the beſt of it, You or I; But pray let it be done in the Dark, leſt *Antiſthenes*'s Riches and your Eloquence ſhou'd corrupt the Judges.

Whereupon the little Dancing Boy and Girl brought in the Ballotting Box, and *Socrates* call'd at the ſame time for a Flambeau to be held before *Critobulus*, that the Judges might not be ſurpriſed in their Judgment. He deſir'd likewiſe, that the Conqueror, inſtead of Garters and Ribbands, as were uſual in ſuch Victories, ſhould receive a Kiſs from every one of the Company. After this they went to *Ballotting*, and it was carry'd unanimouſly for *Critobulus*. Whereupon *Socrates* ſaid to him, Indeed *Critobulus* your Money has not the ſame Effect with *Callias*'s, to make Men *juſter*; for yours, I ſee, is able to corrupt a Judge upon the Bench. After this, ſome of the Company told *Critobulus*, He ought

to

to demand the Kiſſes due to his Victory; and the reſt ſaid, it was proper to begin with him who made the Propoſition. In ſhort, every one was pleaſant in his way, except *Hermogenes*, who ſpoke not one Word all the time, which oblig'd *Socrates* to ask him, if he knew the Meaning of the word *Paroinia*?

Her. If you ask me what it is preciſely, I don't know: But if you ask my Opinion of it, perhaps I can tell you what it may be.

Socr. That's enough.

Her. I believe then that *Paroinia* ſignifies the Pain and Uneaſineſs we undergo in the Company of People that we are not pleas'd with. Be aſſur'd then, ſaid *Socrates*, this is what has occaſion'd that prudent Silence of yours all this time.

Her. How my Silence? When you were all ſpeaking.

Socr. No, but your Silence, when we have done ſpeaking, and made a full Stop.

Her. Well ſaid, indeed! No ſooner one has done, but another begins to ſpeak; and I am ſo far from being

ſing able to get in a Sentence, that I can't find Room to edge in a Syllable. Ah then, ſaid *Socrates* to *Callias*, can't you aſſiſt a Man that's thus out of Humour? Yes, ſaid *Callias*; for I will be bold to ſay, when the Muſick begins again, every body will be ſilent as well as *Hermogenes*.

Herm. You wou'd have me do then as the Poet *Nicoſtrates*, who us'd to recite his Grand *Iambics* to the Sound of his Flute. And it wou'd be certainly very pretty, if I ſhould talk to you all the time the Muſick plaid; For God ſake do ſo, ſaid *Socrates*, for as the Harmony is the more agreeable that the Voice and the Inſtrument go together, ſo your Diſcourſe will be more Entertaining, for the Muſick that accompanies it; and the more delightful ſtill, if you give Life to your Words by your Geſture and Motion, As the little Girl does with her Flute. But when *Antiſthenes* (ſaid *Callias*) is pleas'd to be angry in Company, what Flute will be tuneable enough to his Voice?

Ant. I don't know what Occaſion there will be for Flutes tun'd to my Voice;

Voice; But I know, that when I am angry with any one, in Diſpute, I am loud enough, and I know my own weak ſide.

As they were talking thus, the *Syracuſian* obſerving they took no great Notice of any thing he cou'd ſhow 'em, but that they entertain'd one another on Subjects out of his Road, he was out of all Temper with *Socrates*, who he ſaw gave Occaſion at every turn for ſome new Diſcourſe. Are you, ſaid he to him, that *Socrates* who is ſirnamed the *Contemplative*.

Soc. Yes, ſaid *Socrates*: And is it not much more preferable to be called ſo, than by another Name, for ſome oppoſite Quality?

Here Socrates *banters the* Syracuſian, *and in the Greek its a Play of Words which cannot be imitated in Engliſh.*

Syr. Let that paſs: But they don't only ſay in general that *Socrates* is *Contemplative*, but that He contemplates Things that are *Sublime*.

Soc. Know you any thing in the World ſo ſublime and elevated as the Gods?

Syr. No; But I am told your Contemplations run not that way; They ſay they are but trifling, and that

that in ſearching after things above your Reach, Your Enquiries are good for nothing.

Soc. 'Tis by this, if I deceive not my ſelf, that I attain to the Knowledge of the *Gods*, for its from above that the Gods make us ſenſible of their Aſſiſtance; It's from above they inſpire us with Knowledge. But if what I have ſaid appears dry and inſipid, you are the Cauſe for forcing me to anſwer you.

Syr. Let us then talk of ſomething elſe: Tell me then the juſt Meaſure of the Skip of a Flea, for I hear you are a ſubtle *Geometritian*, and underſtand the *Mathematicks* perfectly well.

But *Antiſthenes*, who was diſpleas'd with his Diſcourſe, addreſſing himſelf to *Philip*, told him, You are wonderfully happy I know in making * Compariſons; Pray who is this *Syracuſian* like, *Philip*; Does he not reſemble a Man that's apt to give Affronts, and ſay ſhocking things in Company? Faith ſaid *Philip* he appears ſo to me, and I believe to every Body elſe. Have a Care, ſaid *Socrates*, don't affront him, leſt you

* *To make hiting Compariſons was a part of the Buffoons of that Age.*

fall under the ſame Character your ſelf, that you wou'd give him.

Philip. Suppoſe I compare him to a well-bred Perſon, I hope no Body will ſay, I affront him then?

Socr. So much the more, ſaid *Socrates*; Such a Compariſon muſt needs affront him to ſome purpoſe.

Phil. Wou'd you then that I compare him to ſome one that is neither Honeſt nor Good?

Soc. By no means.

Phil. Who muſt I compare him to then? To no Body?

Soc. No Body.

Phil. But it is not proper we ſhou'd be ſilent at a Feaſt.

Soc. That's true, But 'tis as true, We ought rather to be ſilent, than ſay any thing we ought not to ſay.

Thus ended the Diſpute between *Socrates* and *Philip:* However ſome of the Company were for having *Philip* make his Compariſons, others were againſt it, as not liking that ſort of Diverſion; So that there was a great Noiſe about it in the Room. Which *Socrates* obſerving, Very well, ſaid He, ſince you are for ſpeaking all

all together, it were as well in my Opinion that We ſhould ſing altogether, and with that He began to ſing himſelf. When he had Done, they brought the Dancing *Girl*, one of thoſe *Wheels* the *Potters* uſe, with which ſhe was to divert the Company, in turning her ſelf round it. Upon which *Socrates* turning to the *Syracuſian*, I believe I ſhall paſs for a *Contemplative Perſon* indeed, ſaid he, as you call'd me juſt now, For I am now conſidering, how it comes to paſs, that thoſe two little *Actors* of Yours, give us Pleaſure in ſeeing them perform their Tricks, without any Pain to themſelves, which is what I know you deſign. I am ſenſible, that for the little *Girl* to jump head-foremoſt into the *Hoop* of Swords, with their Points upwards, as ſhe has done juſt now, muſt be a very dangerous Leap, but I am not convinc'd that ſuch a *Spectacle* is proper for a *Feaſt*; I confeſs likewiſe 'tis a ſurprizing Sight to ſee a Perſon writing and reading at the ſame time that ſhe is carry'd round with the Motion of the Wheel, as the Girl has done: But yet I muſt

own it gives me no great Pleaſure. For wou'd it not be much more agreeable to ſee her in a *Natural Eaſy Poſture*, than putting her handſom Body into an unnatural Agitation, meerly to imitate the Motion of a *Wheel*? Neither is it ſo rare, to meet with ſurprizing and wonderful Sights, for here is one before our Eyes, if you pleaſe to take notice of it. Why does that *Lamp* whoſe Flame is pure and bright, give all the Light to the Room, when that *Looking-Glaſs* gives none at all; and yet repreſents diſtinctly all Objects in its Surface? Why does that Oil which is in its own Nature wet, augment the Flame, and that Water which is wet likewiſe, extinguiſh it? But theſe Queſtions are not proper at this time; And indeed if the two *Children* were to dance to the Sound of the *Flute*, dreſs'd in the *Habits* of *Nymphs*, the *Graces*, or the *four Seaſons* of the Year, as they are commonly painted, they might undergo leſs Pain, and we receive more Pleaſure. You are in the Right, Sir, ſaid the *Syracuſian* to *Socrates*, and I am going to repre-

ſent

ſent ſomething of that kind, that certainly muſt divert you; And at the ſame time went out to make it ready, when *Socrates* began a new Diſcourſe.

A Diſcourſe of Socrates concerning Love.

" What then, ſaid he, muſt we " part without ſaying a Word of the " *Attributes* of that great *Dæmon* or " *Power* who is preſent here, and equals " in Age the immortal Gods, tho' to " look at, he reſembles but a *Child*? " That *Dæmon*, who by his mighty " *Power* is Maſter of all things; and " yet is ingrafted into the very *Eſſence* " and *Conſtitution* of the *Soul* of Man " (I mean *Love*). We may indeed with " Reaſon extol his Empire, as having " more Experience of it than the *Vul-* " *gar*, who are not initiated unto the " *Myſteries* of that *Great God*, as we are. " Truly to ſpeak for one, I never Re- " member, I was without being in " *Love*; I know too that *Carmides* has " had a great many *Lovers*, and being " much Belov'd, has lov'd again. As " for *Critobulus*, he is ſtill of an Age " to *Love*, and to be *Belov'd*; and *Ni-* " *cerates* too, who loves ſo paſſionately " his Wife, at leaſt as Report goes, is

" equally Belov'd by her. And who
" of us does not know, that the Ob-
" ject of that Noble Paſſion and *Love*
" of *Hermogenes* is *Vertue* and *Honeſty*?
" Conſider, pray, the Severity of his
" Brows, his piercing and fix'd Eyes,
" his Diſcourſe ſo compos'd and
" ſtrong, the Sweetneſs of his Voice,
" the Gaiety of his Manners. And
" what is yet more wonderful in him,
" that ſo belov'd as he is by his *Friends*
" the *Gods* He does not diſdain us
" *Mortals*. But for you, *Antiſthenes*, are
" you the only Perſon in the Com-
" pany that does not *Love*?

Ant. No! for in Faith I love you, *Socrates*, with all my Heart.

Then *Socrates* rallying him; and counterfeiting an angry Air, ſaid, Don't trouble me with it now, You ſee I have other Buſineſs upon my hands at preſent.

Ant. I confeſs you muſt be an expert *Maſter*, of the *Trade* you valu'd your ſelf ſo much upon a while ago; For ſometimes you will not be at the Pains to ſpeak to me, and at other times you pretend your *Dæmon* won't permit you, or that you have other Buſineſs.

Soc.

Soc. Spare me a little, *Antiſthenes*, I can bear well enough any other Troubles that you give me, and I will always bear 'em as a Friend; But I bluſh to ſpeak of the Paſſion you have for me, ſince I fear you are not enamour'd with the *Beauty* of my *Soul*, but with that of my *Body*.

" As for you, *Callias*, * you love as " well as the reſt of us: For who is it " that's ignorant of your Love for " *Autolicus*? 'Tis the Town-talk, and " Foreigners as well as our Citizens " are acquainted with it. The Reaſons " for your loving him, I believe to be, " that you are both of you born of *Il-* " *luſtrious Families*, and at the ſame " time are both poſſeſs'd of perſonal " Qualities that render you yet more " *Illuſtrious*. For me, I always admir'd " the Sweetneſs and Evenneſs of " your Temper; But much more, " when I conſider that your Paſſion " for *Autolicus* is plac'd on a Perſon " who has nothing Luxurious or Af- " fected in him; But in all things " ſhows a *Vigor* and *Temperance* wor- " thy of a Vertuous Soul, which is a " Proof at the ſame time, that if he

* *Here* Socrates *ſhows a wonderful Addreſs in turning the Paſſion of* Callias *from* Autolicus, *to ſomething more elevated, and beyond Perſonal Beauty.*

" is infinitely Belov'd, he deſerves " to be ſo.

" I confeſs indeed I am not firm- " ly perſwaded, Whether there be " but One *Venus* or two, the *Cæle-* " *ſtial* and the *Vulgar*: And it may be " with this *Goddeſs*, as with *Jupiter*, " who has many different Names, tho " there is ſtill but one *Jupiter*. But I " know very well, that both the *Ve-* " *nus's* have altogether different *Al-* " *tars*, *Temples* and *Sacrifices*: The *Vul-* " *gar Venus* is worſhip'd after a com- " mon negligent manner; whereas the " *Cæleſtial* one is ador'd in *Purity* and " *Sanctity* of Life. The *Vulgar* inſpires " Mankind with the Love of the Body " only, but the *Cæleſtial* fires the Mind " with the *Love* of the *Soul*, with " *Friendſhip* and a Generous Thirſt " after *Noble Actions*. I hope that 'tis " this laſt kind of *Love*, that has touch- " ed the Heart of *Callias*; This I be- " lieve, becauſe the Perſon he loves is " truly Vertuous; and whenever he " deſires to converſe with him, 'tis in " the Preſence of his *Father*, which is " a Proof his *Love* is perfectly Ho- " nourable.

Upon

"Upon which *Hermogenes* began to "ſpeak, I have always admir'd you, "*Socrates*, on every Occaſion, but "much more now than ever. You are "complaiſant to *Callias*, and indulge "his Paſſion. And this your Com- "plaiſance is agreeable to him, ſo 'tis "wholſom and inſtructive, teaching "him in what manner he ought to "*love*. That is true, ſaid *Socrates*; "and that my Advice may pleaſe him "yet the more, I will endeavour to "prove, that the *Love* of the *Soul* is "incomparably preferable to that of "the *Body*. I ſay then, and we all "feel the Truth of it, That no Com- "pany can be truly agreeable to us "without *Friendſhip*; and we general- "ly ſay, Whoever entertains a great "Value and Eſteem for the Manners "and Behaviour of a Man, he muſt "neceſſarily love him. We know like- "wiſe, that among thoſe who love the "*Body* only, they many times diſap- "prove the Humour of the Perſon they "ſo love, and hate perhaps at the ſame "time the Mind and Temper, while "they endeavour to poſſeſs the Body. "Yet further, Let us ſuppoſe a mu- "tual

That we are to love the Beauty of the Soul, *not of the* Body.

"tual Paſſion between two Lovers of "this kind, 'Tis very certain, that the "Power of *Beauty*, which gives Birth "to that Love, does ſoon decay and "vaniſh; and how is it poſſible, that "*Love* built on ſuch a weak Foundati-"on, ſhould ſubſiſt, when the Cauſe "that produc'd it has ceas'd? But 'tis "otherwiſe with the *Soul*, for the more "ſhe ripens, and the longer ſhe en-"dures, the more lovely ſhe becomes. "Beſides, As the conſtant Uſe of the "fineſt Delicates is attended, in pro-"greſs of Time, with Diſguſt; ſo the "conſtant Enjoyment of the fineſt "Beauty palls the Appetite at laſt. "But that *Love* that terminates on the "bright *Qualities* of the *Soul*, becomes "ſtill more and more ardent; and, "becauſe it is in its Nature altogether "pure and chaſt, it admits of no Sati-"ety. Neither let us think with ſome "People, that this Paſſion, ſo pure and "ſo chaſt, is leſs charming, or leſs "ſtrong than the other. On the con-"trary, Thoſe who love in this man-"ner, are poſſeſs'd of all that we ask, "in that our Common Prayer to *Ve-*"*nus*, *Grant*, *O Goddeſs*, *that we ſay*

"*no-*

"*nothing but what is agreeable, and do*
"*nothing but what does pleaſe.* Now I
"think it is needleſs to prove, that a
"Perſon of a noble Mien, generous
"and polite, modeſt and well bred,
"and in a fair way to riſe in the *State*,
"ought firſt to be touch'd with a juſt
"Eſteem for the good Qualities of the
"Perſon he courts, for this will be
"granted by all. But I am going to
"prove, in few Words, that the Per-
"ſon thus addreſs'd to, muſt infalli-
"bly return the Love of a Man that's
"thus endu'd with ſuch ſhining Ac-
"compliſhments. For is it poſſible
"for a Woman to hate a Man, who ſhe
"believes has infinite Merit, and who
"makes his Addreſſes to her upon the
"Motive of doing Juſtice to her Ho-
"nour and Vertue, rather than from
"a Principle of pleaſing his Appetite?
"And how great is the Contentment
"we feel, when we are perſwaded,
"that no light Faults or Errors ſhall
"ever diſturb the Courſe of a Friend-
"ſhip ſo happily begun, or that the
"Diminution of *Beauty* ſhall never leſ-
"ſen one's Affection? How can it ever
"happen otherwiſe, but that Perſons

"who

"who love one another thus tenderly,
"and with all the Liberties of a pure
"and ſacred *Friendſhip*, ſhould take
"the utmoſt Satisfaction in one ano-
"ther's Company, in diſcourſing to-
"gether, with an intire Confidence,
"in mingling their mutual Intereſts,
"and rejoicing in their good Fortune,
"and bearing a Share in their bad?
"Such Lovers muſt needs partake of
"one another's Joy or Grief, be mer-
"ry and rejoice with one another in
"Health, and pay the cloſeſt and ten-
"dereſt Attendance on one another
"when ſick, and expreſs rather a grea-
"ter Concern for'em when abſent, than
"preſent. Does not *Venus*, and the
"*Graces* ſhower down their Bleſſings
"on thoſe who love thus? For my
"part, I take ſuch to be perfectly
"happy; and a Friendſhip like this,
"muſt neceſſarily perſevere to the End
"of their Lives, uninterrupted, and al-
"together pure. But I confeſs, I can-
"not ſee any Reaſon, why one that
"loves only the exterior Beauty of the
"Perſon he courts, ſhould be lov'd
"again. Is it becauſe he endeavours
"to obtain ſomething from her that

"gives

"gives him Pleaſure, but her Shame?
"Or is it, becauſe in the Conduct of
"their Paſſion, they carefully conceal
"the Knowledge of it from their Pa-
"rents or Friends? Some body per-
"haps may object, That we ought to
"make a different Judgment of thoſe
"who uſe Violence, and of thoſe who
"endeavour to gain their Point by the
"Force of Perſwaſion; but, I ſay,
"theſe *laſt* deſerve more Hatred than
"the *firſt*. The Firſt appear in their
"proper Colours, for wicked Perſons;
"and ſo every one is on their guard a-
"gainſt ſuch open Villainy: Whereas
"the laſt, by ſly Inſinuations, does in-
"ſenſibly corrupt and defile the Mind
"of the Perſon they pretend to love.
"Beſides, Why ſhould they who bar-
"ter their *Beauty* for Money, be ſup-
"pos'd to have a greater Affection for
"the Purchaſers, than the Trader,
"who ſells his Goods in the Market-
"place, has for his Chapman that pays
"him down the Price. Don't be ſur-
"priz'd then, if ſuch Lovers as theſe
"meet often with the Contempt they
"deſerve. There is one thing more
"in this Caſe worthy of your Conſi-

"deration;

"deration; We ſhall never find, that "the *Love* which terminates in the "*noble Qualities* of the *Mind*, has ever "produc'd any diſmal Effects. But "there are innumerable Examples of "tragical Conſequences, which have "attended that *Love*, which is fix'd "only on the *Beauty* of the *Body*. *Chi-* "*ron* and *Phenix* lov'd *Achilles*, but af- "ter a vertuous manner, without any "other Deſign than to render him a "more accompliſh'd Perſon. *Achilles* "likewiſe lov'd and honour'd them in "return, and held them both in the "higheſt Veneration. And indeed I "ſhould wonder, if one that is per- "fectly accompliſh'd ſhould not enter- "tain the laſt Contempt for thoſe who "admire only their perſonal *Beauty*. "Nor is it hard to prove, *Callias*, that "*Gods* and *Heroes* have always had "more Paſſion and Eſteem for the "Charms of the *Soul*, than thoſe of the "*Body*: At leaſt, this ſeems to have "been the Opinion of our Ancient "*Authors*. For we may obſerve in the "Fables of Antiquity, that *Jupiter*, "who lov'd ſeveral *Mortals* upon the "Account of their Perſonal Beauty

"only,

"only, never confer'd upon 'em *Im-*
"*mortality*. Whereas it was other-
"wiſe with *Hercules*, *Caſtor*, *Pollux*,
"and ſeveral others; For having ad-
"mir'd and applauded the Greatneſs
"of their Courage, and the Beauty of
"their Minds, he inroll'd them in the
"Number of the *Gods*. And whate-
"ver ſome affirm to the contrary of
"*Ganymede*, I take it, he was carry'd
"up to *Heaven* from Mount *Olympus*,
"not for the Beauty of his *Body*, but
"that of his *Mind*. At leaſt, his Name
"ſeems to confirm my Opinion, which
"in the *Greek* ſeems to expreſs as
"much as, *To take Pleaſure in good*
"*Counſel, and in the Practice of Wiſ-*
"*dom*. When *Homer* repreſents *Achil-*
"*les* ſo glorioufly revenging the Death
"of *Patroclus*, 'twas not properly the
"Paſſion of *Love* that produc'd that
"noble Reſentment, but that *pure*
"*Friendſhip* and Eſteem he had for his
"Partner in Arms. Why is it, that
"the Memory of *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*,
"*Theſeus* and *Perithous*, and other *De-*
"*my-Gods*, are to this Day ſo highly
"celebrated? Was it for the Love of
"the *Body*, think you? No! by no
"means:

"means: It was the particular *Eſteem*
"and *Friendſhip* they had for one a-
"nother, and the mutual Aſſiſtance
"every one gave to his Friend, in thoſe
"renown'd and immortal *Enterprizes*,
"which are to this Day the Subject of
"our *Hiſtories* and *Hymns*. And,
"pray, who are they, that perform'd
"thoſe glorious Actions? Not they
"that abandon'd themſelves to *Plea-*
"*ſure*, but they that thirſted after
"Glory; and who to acquire that Glo-
"ry, under-went the ſevereſt Toils,
"and almoſt inſuperable Difficulties.

"You are then infinitely oblig'd to
"the *Gods*, *Callias*, who have inſpir'd
"you with *Love* and *Friendſhip* for *Au-*
"*tolicus*, as they have inſpir'd *Critobu-*
"*lus* with the ſame for *Amandra*; for
"*real* and *pure Friendſhip* knows no
"Difference in *Sexes*. It's certain *Au-*
"*tolicus* has the moſt ardent Paſſion for
"*Glory*; ſince, in order to carry the
"*Prize* at the *Olympick Games*, and be
"proclaim'd *Victor* by the *Heralds*,
"with Sound of *Trumpet*, as he lately
"was, He muſt needs have under-
"gone numberleſs Hardſhips, and the
"greateſt Fatigues: For no leſs was

"re-

"requir'd towards * gaining the Vi-
"ctory in ſo many different *Exerciſes*.
"But if He propoſes to himſelf, as I
"am ſure he does, to acquire further
"*Glory*, to become an Ornament to his
"Family, benificent to his Friends, to
"extend the Limits of his Country by
"his Valour, and by all honeſt Endea-
"vours to gain the Eſteem of *Barbari-*
"*ans*, as well as *Greeks*; Don't you
"believe he will always have the
"greateſt Value for *One* who he be-
"lieves may be uſeful and aſſiſtant to
"him in ſo *noble* a Deſign? If you
"would then prove acceptable, *Calli-*
"*as*, to any one you love, you ought
"to conſider and imitate thoſe Me-
"thods by which *Themiſtocles* roſe to
"the firſt *Dignities* of the *State*, and
"acquir'd the glorious Title of, *the*
"*Deliverer of Greece*; the Methods by
"which *Pericles* acquir'd that *Conſum-*
"*mate Wiſdom*, which prov'd ſo bene-
"ficial, and brought immortal Ho-
"nour to his Native *Country*. You
"ought to ponder well how it was,
"that *Solon* became the *Lawgiver* to
"this *Republick* of *Athens*, and by what
"honourable Means the *Lacedemonians*

* *There were 5 Exerciſes, leaping, running, throwing the Javelin, fighting with the Whirlbat, and wreſtling, and the Victor was to conquer in 'em all.*

" have arriv'd to ſuch wonderful Skill " in the *Art* of *War*: And this laſt you " may eaſily acquire, by entertaining, " as you do, at your Houſe, ſome of " the moſt accompliſh'd *Spartans*. " When you have ſufficiently ponder'd " all theſe things, and imprinted thoſe " *noble Images* upon your Mind, Doubt " not but your *Country* will ſome time " or other, court you to accept the " *Reins* of *Government*, You having " already the Advantage of a *Noble* " *Birth*, and that important *Office* of " *High Prieſt*, which gives you a " greater Luſtre already, than any of " your renown'd *Anceſtors* could ever " boaſt of. And let me add that Air of " Greatneſs, which ſhines in your Per- " ſon, and that Strength and Vigor " that's lodg'd in ſo handſom a Body, " capable of the ſevereſt *Toils*, and the " moſt difficult *Enterprizes*.

Socrates having ſaid all this to *Callias*, addreſs'd himſelf to the Company, and ſaid, " I know very well, " This Diſcourſe is too ſerious for a " *Feaſt*, But you won't be ſurpriz'd, " when you conſider, that our *Com-* " *monwealth* has been always fond of

" *thoſe*

"*thoſe* who, to the Goodneſs of their "natural Temper, have added an in- "defatigable Search after *Glory* and "*Vertue*. And in this Fondneſs of "mine for ſuch Men, I but imitate "the *Genius* of my *Country*.

After this, the Company began to entertain one another, upon the Subject of this laſt *Diſcourſe* of *Socrates*; When *Callias*, with a modeſt Bluſh in his Face, addreſs'd himſelf to him; You muſt then lend me, ſaid he, the Aſſiſtance of your Art, to which you gave ſuch a ſurprizing * Name a while ago, to render me acceptable to the *Commonwealth*, and that when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to intruſt me with the Care of its *Affairs*, I may ſo behave my ſelf, as to preſerve its good Opinion, and never do any thing, but what tends to the *Publick Good*. "You will certainly "ſucceed; Don't doubt it, ſaid *Socra-* "*tes*. You muſt apply your ſelf in "good earneſt to *Vertue*, and not con- "tent your ſelf, as ſome People do, "with the Appearance of it only, as "if that might ſuffice. For know, *Cal-* "*lias*, that *falſe Glory* can never ſubſiſt "long.

* *Procuring.*

The Method of becoming agreeable to a State, and of acquiring a laſting Reputation.

" long. *Flattery* or *Diſſimulation* may " for a while varniſh over ſuch a rot- " ten Structure; But it muſt tumble " down at laſt. On the contrary, *So-* " *lid Glory* will always maintain its " Poſt; Unleſs God, for ſome ſecret " Reaſons, hid from us, think fit to " oppoſe its Progreſs: Otherwiſe, " that *ſublime Vertue*, which every " Man of Honour ſhould aim at, does " naturally reflect back upon him, " ſuch Rays of *Glory*, as grow brigh- " ter and brighter every Day, in pro- " portion as his *Vertue* riſes higher " and *higher*.

The Diſcourſe being ended, *Autolicus* roſe to take a Walk, and his Father following him, turn'd towards *Socrates*, and ſaid, *Socrates* I muſt declare my Opinion, that you are a truly *honeſt Man*.

The Loves of Ariadne and Bacchus.

After this, there was an Elbow Chair brought into the Middle of the Room, and the *Syracuſian* appearing at the ſame time; Gentlemen, ſaid he, *Ariadne* is juſt now entering, And *Bacchus*, who has made a Debauch to Day with the *Gods*, is coming down to wait upon

on her ; And I can aſſure you, They will both divert the Company, and one another. Immediately *Ariadne* enter'd the Room, richly dreſs'd, in the *Habit* of a *Bride*, and plac'd her ſelf in the Elbow Chair. A little after, *Bacchus* appear'd, While at the ſame time the *Girl* that play'd on the *Flute*, ſtruck up an *Air*, that us'd to be ſung at the *Feſtival* of that *God*. It was then, that the *Syracuſian* was admir'd for an excellent *Maſter* in his *Art* : For *Ariadne* being perfectly well inſtructed in her Part, fail'd not to ſhow, by her pretty inſinuating manner, that ſhe was touch'd with the *Air* of the *Muſick* ; and that tho' ſhe roſe not from her Chair to meet her *Lover*, ſhe yet expreſs'd ſufficiently the great Deſire ſhe had to do it. *Bacchus* perceiving it, came on dancing toward her, in the moſt paſſionate manner, Then ſat himſelf down on her Lap, and taking her in his Arms, kiſs'd her. As for *Ariadne*, ſhe perſonated to the Life a *Bride's Modeſty*, and for a while, looking down to the Ground, appear'd in the greateſt Con-

Confuſion: But at length recovering her ſelf, ſhe threw her Arms about her *Lover*'s Neck, and returned his Kiſſes. All the Company expreſs'd the great Satisfaction the *Performance* gave 'em; And indeed nothing could be better acted, nor accompany'd with more *Grace* in the *Acting*. But when *Bacchus* roſe, and took *Ariadne* by the Hand, to lead her out, they were ſtill more pleas'd, For the pretty *Couple* appear'd to embrace and kiſs one another after a much more feeling manner, than is generally *acted* on the *Stage*. Then *Bacchus* addreſſing himſelf to *Ariadne*, ſaid, *Do'ſt thou love me, my deareſt Creature? Yes, yes* (anſwer'd ſhe) *Let me die, if I do not; And will love thee to the laſt Moment of my Life.* In fine, the *Performance* was ſo lively and natural, that the Company came to be fully convinc'd of what they never dream'd of before; That the little *Boy* and *Girl* were really in Love with one another: Which occaſion'd both the marry'd *Gueſts*, and ſome of thoſe that were not, to take Horſe immediately, and ride back full

ſpeed

ſpeed to *Athens*, with the briskeſt Reſolutions imaginable. I know not what happen'd afterwards; but for *Socrates*, and ſome who ſtay'd behind, they went a walking with *Lycon*, *Autolicus*, and *Callias*.

FINIS.

AFter four Editions of Dr. *Welwood*'s *Memoirs*, by Mr. *Goodwin*, that firſt Printed them, There being ſome other Editions lately pirated, and very uncorrect; The Author deſigns, in ſome little time, to publiſh a New Edition of theſe *Memoirs*, with ſeveral large *Additions*.